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JUNE 20, 1983 Vol. 121 No. 25 TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

For anyone who followed the British election that resulted four years ago in Margaret Thatcher's becoming her country's first woman Prime Minister, the contrast with last week's triumph is striking. Recalls London Bureau Chief Bonnie Angelo, who reported on this week's cover subject in both campaigns: "In 1979 I was with a group of political scientists and journalists, and when someone said, 'She can win the election, but can she lead the country?,' no one would hazard an unqualified yes. Four years and a landslide later, that doubt seems incredible." Since Thatcher assumed high office, Angelo has chronicled her activities from No. 10 Downing Street to the Great Hall of the People in Peking. Says Angelo: "I have watched with fascination her emergence as one of the most dynamic world figures. Last week, as she settled amiably into a sofa in the white drawing room at No. 10 for our interview, I recalled the tension of our 1979 talk and thought how much more relaxed and self-confident she is today." TIME's Frank Melville, who reported on the election's foreign, defense and economic issues, agrees: "In talking to ministers and senior officials, I was struck by the extraordinary dominance Thatcher has established in almost every area of government. Her writ runs supreme like that of no Prime Minister since Winston Churchill."

PETER JORDAN

Angelo outside No. 10

Correspondent Mary Cronin, reporting her first British general election, marveled at the intensity of the four-week campaign, an eye-flick in duration compared with the marathon U.S. presidential quadrennial. "One day," Cronin says, "we caught up with Labor Leader Michael Foot at noon in the industrial Midlands. In the next four hours, he dropped in at local party headquarters, gave speeches at shopping centers, talked to a university students' gathering and held a press conference, all followed by a speech that night in Coventry and a radio interview."

Associate Editor Jim Kelly got out on the hustings in Britain before returning to New York to write the main cover story. Traveling for two days with the Prime Minister through Scotland and the Manchester area, Kelly noted one other major difference from American politics. "I was amazed by how close anyone and everyone could get to Thatcher," he says. "She had few security people, and they kept at a distance. At one stop, a bakery, a couple of dozen demonstrators were shouting only a few yards away from her black Jaguar. As she got out, an egg splattered the back of the car. On her way out of the bakery, a second egg came even closer. In the U.S. that kind of risk would be intolerable."

John a. Meyer

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Letters

Future Work

To the Editors:

In your otherwise splendid story on the new economy [May 30], TIME should have pointed out that the number of sophisticated jobs likely to be created by high technology is going to be disappointingly modest. According to Labor Department projections for the '80s, the U.S. will need 1.3 million additional janitors, nurses' aides and orderlies, but only 150,000 new computer programmers. For the majority of American workers, the high-tech age will further reduce the level of skills required.

George W. Bonham
New Rochelle, N.Y.

The best form of protectionism for the U.S. is to insist that our allies share the cost of global defense. If Japan and Western Europe picked up their part, then their industries would start making tanks and planes instead of automobiles and electronics. Diminishing our defense commitments would result in higher employment in this country and a stronger alliance with our free-world partners.

William H. Davis
Baton Rouge, La.

Our new economy appears to favor peripheral wants instead of basic needs, such as food, clothing, shelter, medical care and transportation. Economic development should be concentrated in areas that produce essentials. Once these needs are satisfied, we can then devote ourselves to the high-tech fields as a way of fulfilling our desire for novelty and whimsy.

J. Gordon Berry
Laurel, Miss.

In describing the scene at last month's United Auto Workers convention, you noted that some delegates wore buttons declaring RESTORE PLUS MORE IN 1984. This attitude is self-defeating and will only ensure a further flight of jobs from the U.S. Gone are the days when wage increases could result merely from the passage of time. Raises must now be tied to worker productivity. American labor must also realize that in this era of expansive global trade, this country cannot sit back and simply wave the flags of protectionism.

Norman B. Cregger
Mount Pleasant, Mich.

High technology cannot compensate for poverty of the spirit. We must not sacrifice the arts and the humanities for our desire to be the greatest industrial and military power on earth.

Bob and Susan Holtz
Santee, Calif.

Iconoclastic Scientist

More than any other science writer, Stephen Jay Gould [May 30] has assisted my biology students in gaining insights into the joys of natural history and the intrigue of evolution. His writings have also increased my understanding of God.

David A. Harbster
Flagstaff, Ariz.

It is interesting that Stephen Jay Gould's theory that "evolution moves not with geological slowness, as Darwin has insisted, but in abrupt fits and starts, interspersed with long periods of no change in species" has put him at odds with the prevailing Darwinian doctrine. Gould's thesis is simply a way of getting around the absence of the necessary fossil record. In fact, evolution, whether through "geological slowness" or "fits and starts," remains a flawed explanation for all of existence.

John S. Klipple
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Gould should know that a basic tenet of scientific method is that phenomena must be repeatable and verifiable through observation. The law of gravity is easily verifiable; the concept of evolution remains only a theory precisely because it cannot be repeated and verified through observation.

Charles Beck
Dover Air Force Base, Del.

Stephen Jay Gould appears to accept the popular charge that Pierre Teilhard de Chardin was involved in the conspiracy behind the Piltdown man forgery. Gould's accusation, however, has not been accepted by experts. J.S. Weiner, who first uncovered the hoax and then the hoaxer, dismissed Gould's account as worthless. British Scholar Kenneth Oakley, who originally supported Gould's contention that Teilhard faked the Piltdown fossil as part of a youthful prank, later changed his mind. After being shown evidence that contradicted Gould, Oakley declared that the basis of Gould's charge against Teilhard "has now been proved to be completely untrue."

Thomas M. King, S.J.
Washington, D.C.

Secret War

The attempt to justify the morality of America's covert activity in Nicaragua has become irrelevant. As is evident from your article "Uneasy over a Secret War" [May 16], U.S. operations in Nicaragua have clearly and irreversibly ceased to be covert. To engage in secret actions and be caught is one thing. To persist in this conduct after it has been exposed is something else. The Reagan Administration's policy in Nicaragua may not only be a failure. It also flies in the face of what Thomas Jefferson once described as "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind."

William Harshbarger
Arcola, Ill.

As a Catholic missionary working in Latin America, I have firsthand knowledge of anti-American sentiments among the poor. These feelings are the result not of "Communist propaganda" but rather of U.S. covert operations, which have supported repressive military regimes for decades.

Joseph Fedora
Maryknoll Fathers
Lima, Peru

U.S. actions in Latin America are outrageous. Not only are our principles of honor and justice being dragged through the mud, but our conduct is an insult to every democracy.

Joanne Gutreimen
Los Angeles

Second Opinion

I was appalled by the letters of Messrs. Webster and Kootnikoff [May 9]. The former eulogizes the Sandinista government's supposed popularity, and the latter claims that Nicaragua is a remarkably free society. As an American businessman who lived in Nicaragua for 15 years, I protest. If these readers are correct, why have the Sandinistas not opened the country to free elections? Why were business leaders thrown in jail for criticizing the government? Why was I advised by our State Department not to return to Nicaragua after testifying before a congressional subcommittee on the Nicaraguan situation? The Sandinistas are terrorists who use coercion, incarceration and assassination to achieve their goal.

R. Bruce Cuthbertson
Miami

Swords into Plowshares

Your Essay "Pacifism's Invisible Current" [May 30] speaks to the heart of the sad dilemma of the use of force. The point of your article could have been said another way: A kind word and a gun will always get you more than just a kind word.

Eugene L. Grossman
Englewood, Colo.

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Letters

In discussing pacifism, your article describes how Poland's General Wojciech Jaruzelski "decapitated, atomized and demoralized" Polish society by sending in the tanks in December 1981. Yet recently, 60,000 Poles attended the funeral of a 19-year-old victim of police brutality. Even after 18 months of intimidation, the Polish people refuse to accept either Jaruzelski or his methods.

Rita Gatton
Cincinnati

While TIME may be right in saying that pacifism has not done well at solving conflicts, your Essay should have gone on to explain that the use of force has all too often been catastrophic. Instead of deriving a perverse satisfaction from the weakness of pacifism, you should have been terrified about the future.

Don Lago
Columbia, Mo.

Women at the Bar

After reading your story "The New Women in Court" [May 30], I realize that female lawyers are as bad as the males. Our legal system was established to determine innocence or guilt. All these women lawyers want is to beat their opponents.

Rod Huron
Canton, Ohio

Your description of Boston Criminal Lawyer Rikki Klieman's attempt to polish up the image of her client, the alleged kingpin in a truck-hijacking operation, was disturbing. If women lawyers have to cozy up to clients in order to con a jury into an acquittal, then feminism is making no progress.

Nancy Ellen Abrams
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Tuition Troubles

It is sad to read in your piece "Dear Dad: Send Lots of Money" [May 30] that state universities are raising their tuition to exorbitant rates. For many aspiring students, Dad can play no role in coping with this problem. In these cases, high tuition means no school.

David J. Maslia
Atlanta

I was successful in being admitted to both Stanford and Harvard. Yet my chances of attending either are slim. These institutions, as well as the College Scholarship Service, determined that I could afford to finance my education. As it now stands, the rich can manage. The poor are helped along. But those of us in the middle class get squeezed out.

Jack Nagler
Calgary, Alta.

Fresh and imaginative ideas must be introduced if Americans are ever going to overcome the skyrocketing costs of higher education. For example, states should sponsor a lottery to provide for scholarships. More private industries should start awarding scholarships in exchange for a work commitment after the student graduates. And finally, a national scholarship pool should be created that would allow for tax deductible contributions.

Franklin W.Y. Liu
Boston

Shunning the Sun

After a very rainy spring, a bright, warm day finally appeared. I rushed poolside with a sugar-free soda, a salt-free snack and TIME. To my dismay, I started reading about the harmful effects of the sun [May 30]. One more pleasure in life that I will have to do without! On second thought, I decided just to give up reading.

Joan McIntosh
Norman, Okla.

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TIME/ JUNE 20, 1983

A Course in Politics

Reagan and the Democrats try for high marks on education

The gymnasium in the Minneapolis suburb was hot and airless. Students squirmed in the bleachers while a panel of teachers and politicians discussed the quality of education. One shirtsleeved speaker, however, held the audience rapt. "I just have a feeling that maybe the generation that went through the Great Depression and the great war, World War II, maybe we thought we ought to make things easier for our children," mused the President. "Maybe we're partly responsible for what has happened." Ronald Reagan's main message to the forum in Hopkins, Minn., sponsored by his National Commission on Excellence in Education (N.C.E.E.), which was appointed by Secretary of Education Terrel Bell, was that the time has come to put the starch back in education. Reagan called for merit pay for teachers and a return to basics. "You have to say, 'Is just purely money an answer, or don't we have to look deeper for some of the answers to the problems we have in education?' "

Democratic Presidential Front Runner Walter Mondale also flew to Minneapolis last Thursday, countering the President with his own news conference. He attacked Reagan for offering empty rhetoric—"voodoo education" policies, he has called them—for a crisis that the former Vice President believes requires generous federal aid. "He's willing to fight to the death on the MX," Mondale said, "but he won't lift a finger for education."

Not since Sputnik's triumphant flight in 1957 rattled Americans' faith in their public schools has there been such a clamorous national debate on education. With dueling initiatives, Reagan and Mondale have transformed the ordinarily sleepy issue into the first hot battleground in the 1984 presidential campaign. Once again the nation's progress and global clout have been linked to the quality of its schools.

This time the debate was sparked by a slim book published by the Government Printing Office: *A Nation at Risk: The Imperative for Educational Reform*. Warning of "a rising tide of mediocrity" in public schools, the 36-page report by the N.C.E.E. is already into a third printing, with 81,000 copies distributed. It recommends a basic core curriculum for all high school students, stricter admission requirements for college, longer school days and years, more homework, and the recruiting and rewarding of better teachers. Echoing the Sputnik scare, the report concludes, "If an unfriendly foreign power had attempted to impose on America the mediocre educational performance that exists today, we might well have viewed it as an act of war."

While not particularly new, the findings hit a nerve among parents who are increasingly concerned that their children are receiving an inadequate education and, in a depressing reversal of the traditional American pattern, an education inferior to their own. "It came at the right time, under the right auspices," says Jack Peltason, president of the American Council on Education. "It reconfirmed what a lot of people were saying."

Reagan, who rarely broached the subject of education during his first two years in office, at first seemed oblivious to the report's political potential. Addressing 150 educators, politicians and business leaders at the White House on April 26, the day the report came out, he merely reiterated his support for tuition tax credits for private schools and prayer in the public schools, neither of which, understandably, was even mentioned by the N.C.E.E.

It was Mondale who first focused on the issue with a May 9 speech at Harvard University attacking Reagan's tepid reaction to the report. The President, Mondale charged, had "turned his back on the country, its children and its future." Mondale proposed an $11 billion program of federal aid that would offer block grants to communities to improve math and science labs, raise teachers' base salaries and develop computer-technology courses.

The Administration moved quickly to take the offensive. White House pollsters discovered that as economic worries have begun to ease, schools have emerged as a strong public concern. Moreover, the education issue could be used to broaden the President's image beyond Reaganomics and defense. A push for better schools, aides reasoned, would help him woo women and regain some of the blue-collar workers who were part of his 1980 coalition but have since strayed. "With education," a White House adviser explains, "you reach out beyond liberal-conservative lines."

Reagan began a full-court press. On May 21 he delivered a commencement speech at Seton Hall University in South

New job security: Education Secretary Bell

Illustration for TIME by Pat Oliphant

Orange, N.J., promoting an old idea that had been rejuvenated in the report: merit pay. "Teachers should be paid and promoted on the basis of their merit," he said. The powerful 1.6 million-member National Education Association and other teacher organizations have traditionally fought the notion of rewarding better teachers with more money, arguing that there is no objective way to measure a teacher's competence and that it would lead to favoritism and bad morale. But Reagan strategists think the President is on the popular side of the meritocracy issue. Says one aide: "It may turn out that parents are a more potent political force than teachers."

Mondale, who is actively seeking the N.E.A. endorsement, has generally avoided the issue of merit differentials. On Friday, however, he edged a bit closer to endorsing the idea. Said he: "If merit pay means rewarding superior teachers and getting incompetent ones out of the classroom, then I'm for it."

Union leaders reacted angrily to Reagan's proposals. The N.E.A. said the President was making a "disgraceful assault" on the teaching profession. Albert Shanker, president of the 600,000-member American Federation of Teachers, lambasted the President's views on education as "embarrassing and destructive." But over a lunch of shrimp salad at the White House last week, Reagan and the feisty union leader had a convivial talk and, in a coup for the President, Shanker said he was willing to explore different methods of compensation for teachers. "Ronald Reagan has been a disaster," he said. "But if he does something right, I'm not going to dump on him."

In another significant move, the President abandoned his promise to dismantle the Department of Education, which he was fond of describing during the 1980 campaign as "President Carter's new bureaucratic boondoggle." His strategists hope this change of heart will deprive the Democrats of a symbolic target. Instead, he is "redirecting" the department. Reagan has told Bell, a mild-mannered sort who is enjoying a sudden burst of prestige, to develop an "agenda for excellence" based on the report's findings. The agenda, says Bell, will entail more federal lobbying rather than more federal money. The Secretary will encourage state legislatures to pass new taxes to support the public schools and impose stiffer high school graduation requirements. He will urge the states to draft master-teacher plans like the one pushed by Tennessee Governor Lamar Alexander, who wants to offer incentive payments to outstanding teachers. The President will meet with Alexander, a Republican, in Knoxville this week as part of a campaign-style swing across the country to drive home his concern about education.

Union Chief Shanker after lunch with Reagan

The Democrats are scrambling to blunt Reagan's offensive. Four prominent Democrats—Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy, Rhode Island Senator Claiborne Pell, House Majority Leader Jim Wright and Carl Perkins, chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor—held a news conference on Capitol Hill last Friday to rebut the President's speeches. Said Wright: "We have a President and an Administration which exalts education in its rhetoric and denigrates it in its deeds." Among the Democratic presidential hopefuls, Senator John Glenn of Ohio is readying a major initiative on education to present at the end of the month, and Senator Fritz Hollings of South Carolina is working up a set of recommendations on teacher pay.

The Democrats say Reagan will not be able to control the education debate for long. "He has played the issue like a Stradivarius," says Bob Neuman, director of communications for the Democratic National Committee. "But he's vulnerable on logic." For instance, in Minnesota last week Reagan conceded that the merit-pay proposal would cost more money, but his only suggestion for covering the cost is that the local school systems could cut other "lower priority" programs. Seeming ill prepared, Reagan stumbled on questions about how he would implement the report and was forced to refer them to Bell.

The President also appears vulnerable on the numbers. He continues to insist that the huge expansion in post-Sputnik federal aid has not "borne fruit" in the classroom. But he sidesteps the issue of federal cuts by giving audiences aggregate figures, saying that total federal, state and local school spending amounted to $215 billion last year, compared with $179 billion for national defense. "The truth of the matter is we haven't cut any budgets," he said. "What we've done is reduce the proposed increase in the budgets."

But the Administration's budget for 1984 shows that federal education outlays for 1981 were $15 billion, compared with $14.4 billion estimated for this year and $13.5 billion proposed for next year. Funding for elementary and secondary education declined from $6.8 billion in 1982 to $6.5 billion in 1983, and guaranteed student loans fell from $3 billion in 1982 to $2.3 billion in 1983. "Reagan doesn't have the credentials to carry off this issue," insists Mondale Pollster Peter Hart. "He has three years of David Stockman's green visor staring him in the face."

White House aides concede that the impetus on the education issue will be hard to sustain, since the Administration is simply urging state and local action rather than offering a program of its own. "We have to hit the issue hard now," says an Administration official, "and then bring it back next year." But White House aides feel that for the short term, at least, the President will be able to control the issue and remain "on a roll" politically. His approval rating has risen from 44% to 55% since January, according to Presidential Pollster Richard Wirthlin. Simply by showing his concern, Reagan has proved once again his adroitness as a politician. "Whether the President does anything is not relevant," says one adviser in a fit of candor. "What is relevant is the image we want to create." The Democrats, however, are providing a lively challenge, as both sides vie for high marks on the education issue. —*By Maureen Dowd. Reported by Douglas Brew and Anne Constable/Washington*

Dialing Down the Rhetoric

The President shows some flexibility on START

"Let us put our differences behind us. Let us demonstrate measured flexibility in our approach, while remaining strong in our determination to reach our objective of arms reduction, stability and security. Let us be leaders in the cause of peace."

So said President Reagan last week as he launched a new campaign to dispel the hard-line image of his Administration on the thorny, arcane and all-important issue of strategic nuclear arms control. Speaking in the Rose Garden, Reagan announced changes in U.S. nuclear bargaining positions that offered, as he put it, "the prospect of new progress" in the U.S.-Soviet Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START), which reconvened last week in Geneva. Said he: "These actions reflect a bipartisan consensus on arms control, and new flexibility in the negotiations—steps to be viewed seriously by the Soviets and all others who have a stake in world peace."

The President lays out his new arms proposals in the Rose Garden

The President's conciliatory theme was echoed by the Administration's chief strategic nuclear arms negotiator, Ambassador Edward Rowny, when he returned to the Geneva START talks after a nine-week absence. Said Rowny: "If the Soviet delegation is prepared to meet us halfway, there will indeed be progress." Later in the day, Rowny met for three hours with the U.S.S.R.'s deputy chief arms negotiator, Aleksei A. Oboukhov, who was subbing for Chief Soviet Negotiator Victor Karpov, absent and "slightly ill."

Shifts had indeed taken place in the U.S. negotiating position at Geneva. But on the whole, they were more a matter of tone and style, even though there were hints of future flexibility. In fact, the President's announcement* was largely aimed at maintaining support on Capitol Hill for the Administration's other nuclear weapons objectives, notably development of the MX missile. The latest START initiative, said a U.S. official, was designed to make "the most of the least possible change."

The only immediate substantive change, in fact, was abandonment of U.S. insistence on a mutual limit of 850 "strategic launchers" (land- and sea-based long-range missiles). According to Reagan, the U.S. will now "adjust" the cap to an unspecified higher number. Administration and congressional sources expect the new limit to be between 1,150 and 1,250.

As the President admitted, the 850 figure had never been deemed that important by U.S. arms negotiators. It also stood in the way of a concession that Reagan made to Congress in order to win support for the MX: moving toward a nuclear deterrent based on larger numbers of smaller missiles, each carrying only a single nuclear warhead, which would make them a less tempting target for a first strike. This was a major recommendation of the bipartisan Scowcroft Commission, which Reagan reappointed last week as an advisory panel on arms control to serve until January 1984. The President further emphasized that he had given Rowny the go-ahead to explore "all appropriate avenues" for meeting the new U.S. arms-limitation goals. Reagan also spoke about the eventual incorporation into START of the notion of "build-down," an idea that is fast becoming popular in Congress, involving the guaranteed destruction of a certain number of weapons whenever a new one is deployed.

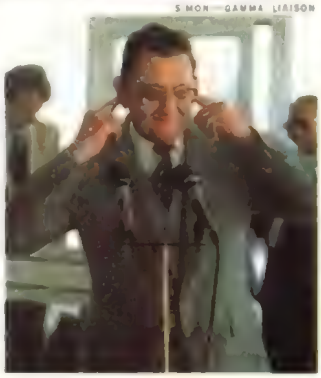
While showing flexibility on launchers, Reagan left intact the two other START ceilings that he announced 13 months ago. He is still firmly committed to a 5,000 limit on the number of strategic ballistic-missile warheads. At the moment, the U.S. has 7,146 land- and sea-based strategic warheads, while the Soviets have approximately 7,500, meaning that both sides would have to reduce their weaponry by a more or less equal amount. Reagan's other ceiling, a cap of 2,500 on the number of land-based missile warheads, is not on the table as far as the Soviets are concerned. It would require them to scrap 57% of their 5,900 land-based missile warheads. The U.S., by contrast, currently deploys only 2,146 land-based missile warheads, and thus would be able to increase its ICBM warhead inventory by 16%.

In addition, the U.S. is calling for other constraints on large missiles carrying four to ten warheads. The Soviets would have to dismantle 578 of their 788 missiles in this category. The U.S. deploys only smaller missiles with a maximum of three warheads.

Nonetheless, in a radio interview the day after his Rose Garden speech, President Reagan held out the possibility of flexibility on the provisions of START that the Soviets consider most one-sided in favor of the U.S. Said Reagan: "I doubt very much that there will be much of a problem about the mix of weapons." The White House has been hinting at much the same thing in special, secret briefings for key members of Congress. In those sessions, the Administration has indicated that a favorable Soviet response to Reagan's major public change in the START package, the lifting of the 850-launcher limit, might lead to other adjustments in the U.S. position later on.

When the Soviets first reacted to Reagan's speech, through the official news agency, TASS, it was with the customary assertions that the U.S. aims at "gaining military superiority and pressing the Soviet Union into unilateral disarmament." The Soviet response, however, did not reject the new proposals outright. Indeed, some Western diplomats in Moscow feel that the Soviets may be grudgingly prepared to make a deal, if not on START, at least on the issue of limiting intermediate-range nuclear missiles in Europe.

On Capitol Hill, Democratic Congressman Albert Gore Jr. of Tennessee hailed the President's conciliatory speech as "an important change." Gore heads an influential group of lawmakers who have made their backing for the MX conditional upon, among other things, a moderation of the Administration's arms-control line. Said Gore: "The odds are that we'll continue our support." Republican Senator William Cohen of Maine, however, warned that support for the MX in Congress is still "eggshell thin." Cohen predicted that in coming weeks the House would appropriate $4.5 billion for building 100 of the controversial missiles. But unless the Reagan strategy for START produces some results by the fall, Cohen said, the MX could face a Waterloo.



SIMON—GAMMA LIAISON

Rowny after his Geneva landing

—By George Russell. Reported by Strobe Talbott and Evan Thomas/Washington

*It came virtually on the eve of the 20th anniversary of John F. Kennedy's announcement that the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. were about to conclude a limited nuclear-test-ban treaty. That document was signed after only ten days of talks

Overt Actions, Covert Worries

Washington and Managua exchange charges and expulsions

For a country its size, Nicaragua set a lot of swivel chairs spinning in the U.S. last week. The same day that three American diplomats expelled from Nicaragua landed at Washington's National Airport, 21 Nicaraguan consular officials were ordered to leave the U.S. by the Reagan Administration. That same day as well, a House committee voted to cut off covert aid to anti-Sandinista guerrillas fighting in Nicaragua and based in Honduras. On Friday, U.S. Special Envoy Richard Stone stopped in Nicaragua to meet with members of the junta and the Marxist-led Sandinista directorate. Said Stone, in Spanish, on his arrival: "I am interested in carrying out profound conversations."

These latest convolutions in U.S.-Nicaraguan relations began on Sunday night at the U.S. embassy residence in Managua. A reception had been going on for hours, but when he knocked on the door at 10:30 p.m., Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto was not arriving fashionably late for a nightcap. He handed the Americans a curt note declaring that there were three spies on the embassy staff—Political Affairs Counselor Linda Pfeifel, First Secretary David Greig and Second Secretary Ermila Rodriguez—and they were hereby *persona non grata*. The trio, D'Escoto said, were to leave Nicaragua within 24 hours.

Then on Monday, Nicaraguan officials staged a curious show in Managua. Security Chief Lenin Cerna charged that Pfeifel, Greig and Rodriguez had been trying to assemble "a counterrevolutionary network to carry out attacks on our leaders." A Nicaraguan army lieutenant described how Greig and others, by providing invisible ink and a transmitter camouflaged in an ice chest, had tried to turn him into a traitor.

The star witness was a Foreign Ministry employee, Marlene Moncada, who claimed to have been working as a double agent: she said a CIA agent recruited her last year in Honduras, where she was stationed at the Nicaraguan embassy. Cerna showed off an espionage kit allegedly provided Moncada by the CIA (Sony short-wave radio, edible paper, hollow Mayan book ends containing codebooks), as well as photographs of her meeting with Rodriguez and a color videotape montage of various other rendezvous. (The Sandinistas displayed a funny show-biz bent: the video agitprop had a musical sound track appropriate for a spy movie.)

The most bizarre artifact presented at the press conference was a bottle of Benedictine liqueur laced with a poison called thallium. Its ultimate recipient, Cerna charged, was to have been Foreign Minister D'Escoto, who is a Roman Catholic priest. "It sounds like a movie plot," Cerna admitted, "but it isn't."

It was difficult to imagine just what it was. The CIA has hatched farfetched assassination plots before, most famously the exploding cigar meant for Cuba's Fidel Castro. But harming D'Escoto would not make sense. The Foreign Minister, who often travels abroad to dispense the Sandinista line, is derided even by comrades as "the Flying Nun." He wields no real power within the government, and his overwrought rhetoric sometimes drives away potential supporters. "D'Escoto is the man who loses a friend a day for Nicaragua," said a State Department official. "Why should we eliminate him?" Declared Secretary of State George Shultz: "The charges have no merit, and some of the physical evidence is ridiculous."

KASSER—GAMMA LIAISON

Los Angeles Consul General Alex Palacios moving out

MARKEL—GAMMA LIAISON

Diplomats Rodriguez and Pfeifel en route to Washington

A curious show with a "double agent" and "invisible ink."

Various observers suspect that the Sandinista directorate, seeking a new excuse for a domestic crackdown, invented the plot. Last week several leaders of the country's Conservative Democratic Party were jailed. But political opponents have been arrested in the past without recourse to elaborate spy charges. A plausible explanation is that radicals within the leadership trumped up the charges to dramatize concretely their alarm over U.S. efforts to destabilize the government.

Ordinarily, faced with the expulsion of three officials, the U.S. would have retaliated tit for tat, expelling three diplomats of the offending country. Instead, 21 officials stationed in the New York, Miami, New Orleans, Houston, Los Angeles and San Francisco consulates of Nicaragua were ordered out and their offices shut. Both consul generals in California, for instance, had lived in the U.S. since 1961, and left behind spouses who are U.S. citizens. New Orleans Consul General Augustin Alfaro, U.S.-educated and a resident of the city for ten years, decided to stay: just before the Administration's departure deadline he requested (and doubtless will be granted) political asylum.

There was apparently no dispute within the Administration about the wisdom of the seven-for-one U.S. retaliation. The practical effect will be to dump the work of the consulates, processing visas and trade documents, onto Nicaragua's inexperienced Washington embassy staff. The six closed consulates, the State Department claimed somewhat unpersuasively, had been used "for intelligence operations."

Stone's visit to Managua went ahead as planned. Both sides were courteous. "We have had serious talks during this intense visit here," said Stone on departure. And, back in Washington, no diplomat among the 13 at Nicaragua's embassy was expelled. Insisted Shultz: "We don't have any thought of breaking diplomatic relations."

That was certainly intended to reassure Congress more than Managua. Since the replacement last month of Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Thomas Enders, a move seen by some as a triumph for hard-liners, congressional Democrats have grown even more uneasy about U.S. support of armed attacks against the Nicaraguan government. Thus last week the House Foreign Affairs Committee, voting almost entirely along party lines, passed a Democratic measure that would stop the millions of dollars in covert military aid now going to anti-Sandinista guerrillas.

While such a bill stands almost no chance in the Senate, it could pass in the full House despite strong Administration opposition. Even in the Senate, the Select Committee on Intelligence, led by Chairman Barry Goldwater, has approved a measure designed to provide Congress with a mechanism to end funding for all covert operations against Nicaragua. A compromise with the Reagan Administration is not out of the question. But some kind of direct congressional veto over the Administration's covert actions seems closer to reality than ever. —*By Kurt Andersen.*

Reported by June Erlick/Managua and Johanna McGeary/Washington

Baker: worrying over iffy odds

O'Neill: fighting "on the grounds of fairness"

Brawling over the Budget

On Capitol Hill, politics and deficits make strange bedfellows

The squabbles were ostensibly over the fiscal 1984 budget. But behind last week's skirmishes on Capitol Hill, Democrats and Republicans were in fact scurrying to stake out the political high ground for 1984.

House Speaker Tip O'Neill made the first move. He proposed, "on the grounds of fairness," a $700 ceiling on individual savings from the final 10% installment (taking effect July 1) of President Reagan's three-year, 25% tax cut. Such a "tax cap" would generate only about $6 billion in federal revenue savings. But the Democrats had more in mind than painting themselves as deficit fighters. "It is time that the burden of Reaganomics is shared by those in the upper-income groups," O'Neill declared. "This has been a program of the rich, by the rich and for the rich." Retorted Reagan: "I'll give him my autograph on the veto bill."

In fact, the cap would also affect people who consider themselves middle-income: single taxpayers with annual adjusted gross incomes over $39,000 and families with adjusted gross incomes over $48,000. The truly wealthy already got their bonanza a year ago, when the top rate on unearned income from investments was slashed from 70% to 50%. "If the Democrats succeed," said Marlin Fitzwater, a Treasury Department spokesman, "the real impact would be on the Middle American, because the rich and the poor already have their tax cuts."

Many House Democrats, however, are gambling that the fairness question will play well by 1984 when, they assume, the economic recovery will have slowed. "Reagan will call us taxers and spenders," admitted Missouri's Dick Gephardt. "But it's worth it to address the fairness issue and the deficit problem."

The outlook for a budget resolution was cloudy. "The odds," said Senate Majority Leader Howard H. Baker Jr., "are no better than fifty-fifty." Both the $863.6 billion House version and the $849.7 billion Senate version contain more tax increases and domestic spending, and less defense, than Reagan requested in his Jan. 31 budget message. Reagan cannot veto a budget resolution. But he can veto individual appropriations measures, and he promises to do so if they substantially exceed his own spending guidelines.

The biggest hurdle for congressional budgetmakers is domestic spending hikes, which the Senate set at $12.5 billion and the House at $28.9 billion; Reagan requested a $6.4 billion reduction. House Democrats privately concede that they are willing to pare back if the Republicans promise to help pass a compromise budget on the House floor.

But the chances of Republican cooperation in the House are growing dimmer. Last week Congressman Phil Gramm of Texas, a recent convert to the G.O.P., persuaded more than 120 of his colleagues to sign a pledge committing them to uphold Reagan's vetoes. The total is within striking distance of the 146 needed to turn back Democratic override attempts. Reagan's veto strategy does not sit well with all Republicans, however. Oregon Senator Mark Hatfield, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, has in the past held up appropriations measures threatened with a Reagan veto by delaying final action in committee, so that the hostage bills never reach the Senate floor. Should he do so again, the stage would be set for a reprise of last fall's rancorous political battles over a continuing budget resolution to keep the Government funded. ■

Fee Speech

The Senate votes for a limit

Most U.S. Senators' talk hardly comes cheap. According to records made public last month, 85 of them reported a record total of $2.4 million in honorariums last year, chiefly for speaking to business and labor groups. Six earned more in lectures than their $60,662 annual salaries. But those speakeasy days of silver-tongued oratory may be numbered. Largely because of negative publicity and the parliamentary persistence of Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, the Washington Democrat, the Senate last week voted 51 to 41 to limit its members' honorariums to 30% of their salaries, or about $18,200.

The House started the reform move last December, when it passed a bill that raised members' salaries from $60,662 to $69,800, but imposed a 30% limit on honorariums. The Senate also considered the matter but decided to maintain the status quo: no raise, no fee restrictions. Senators generally can command higher honorariums than House members. Last year Kansas Republican Robert Dole made $135,750 (of which he donated $51,500 to charity); South Carolina Democrat Fritz Hollings, $92,270 (none to charity); and New Mexico Republican Pete Domenici, $84,450 ($27,000 to charity).

Enter the scrappy Silvio Conte of Massachusetts ($11,812 in fees, $3,000 to charity), ranking Republican on the House Appropriations Committee. "Those guys are going to get $200,000 next year," he fumed. "There's going to be no end to it!" Last month he attached the 30% limit applying to Senators as an amendment to a supplemental appropriations bill. But the provision was killed in a Senate subcommittee.

RICARDO WATSON

Silvio Conte

Last week Senator Jackson ($34,270; all to charity), a longtime advocate of adequate congressional pay but a foe of outside fees, stepped in. For most of the afternoon, amid sometimes bitter debate, he hammered away at the issue. Warned Jackson: "There is a general perception that we have opened the door to undue influence and serious conflict of interest." Finally his colleagues gave up. If the new limitation becomes law, members of the House would receive higher salaries than Senators and be permitted to make more money in speaking fees.

But the 30% limit is attached to an appropriations bill that has already been threatened with a Reagan veto because it exceeds his budget limits. And when it comes up for finishing touches in the Senate this week, some members could yet add a straightforward pay raise, possibly reopening the whole compensation issue. ■

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Glenn: Flying Solo, His Way

Finally off the ground, with a candidacy both risky and uplifting

Looking to the presidential campaign, this article is the second in a series that will appear during 1983 probing the character and personality of each of the major candidates

A denim jacket over his pinstripe suit and tie, John Glenn Jr. sat behind the controls of his ivory and red, twin-engine Beechcraft, ready to take off for a regular weekend of campaigning. It was 7 o'clock on a recent Friday morning, and today the candidate would head for Ohio, then loop all the way back to the northern tip of Maine. Glenn does not like to start his days so early. He is a man of endless patience, but overscheduling Glenn, aides know well, is one of the very few things that cause his temper to blow.

A few minutes after takeoff, his eyes scanned the blue sky at 10,000 ft. When he prepared to land at various stops along the way, the air controllers, who knew the identity of the approaching flyer, usually directed him down with a certain audible deference. Glenn put the plane on automatic pilot and began talking about his early flying days. He was asked how clearly he remembered the dogfights over Korea, when he shot down three MiGs the last week of the war. He remembered every detail, he said. Two of the enemy pilots had been very good, but the third was slow. Glenn moved his right hand, fingers straight, slowly upward toward the palm of his left to show how he had zoomed up from underneath and fired into the belly of the third MiG and then watched it drop to the Yalu River. As he talked, his eyes showed no emotion. Glenn long ago learned how to mask his feelings.

Wherever Candidate Glenn dropped out of the sky, in his home state or in Maine, where residents in one town hosed down their housefronts in preparation for his arrival, he was greeted with extraordinary warmth. It mattered little that the applause was always louder when he arrived than when he departed. After his speeches, voters lined up for autographs and snapshots. Like another hero and presidential candidate, Dwight Eisenhower, with whom he is frequently compared, Glenn's folk stature gives him tremendous believability with his audiences. Still, the crowds studied him carefully, trying to judge his competence. Is this space hero with the soapy talk about traditional values smart enough, they seemed to be asking, shrewd enough, to run the country? Will this man who has become almost a national icon, if unmasked, turn out to be an earnest bore?

John Glenn, of course, is no Eisenhower, a man who ran armies, and his candidacy is not the safe and generally predictable one that the laid-back Ike's was. Glenn's assets have been understated—and so have his liabilities.

The overriding trait of the two-term Senator from Ohio is his independent mind. Glenn is for nuclear power and says so in the face of the fiercest opposition. He publicly calls for the Israelis to stop building more settlements on the West Bank. He has defied organized labor by voting against its cherished picketing legislation, and union leaders have never really forgiven him. Glenn has uncommon political courage. Interest groups, no matter how sophisticated and strident, have learned that turning up the pressure only makes Glenn hang tougher. He cannot be intimidated.

He has a driving intelligence, gathering all kinds of facts and ideas before he finally makes up his mind and votes. Staffers wince when Glenn sets out to learn about an issue. He has a retentive mind and can bury listeners with details. During his eight years in the Senate, he has concentrated with little fanfare on foreign policy, defense and energy, and has mastered the intricacies of arms control. Colleagues will often follow his lead on defense issues because they know Glenn has done his homework. He was urging construction of a smaller, more mobile MX more than three years ago, and has watched the defense Establishment slowly come around to his position. His hard work and centrist approach have paid off enormously in Ohio. In 1980, when Ronald Reagan won Ohio easily, Glenn triumphed by 1.6 million votes, the largest margin ever in a Senate contest.

CYNTHIA JOHNSON

Answering a reporter's question at O'Hare Airport

A gutty loner who needs to make every decision himself.

For all of that, Glenn is a political loner. The man who flew 149 combat missions, tested jets, and was the first man to orbit the earth obviously learned to draw strength from being alone. In the Senate he has almost no intimates. "It takes John forever to develop confidence in people," says one longtime associate. Says another colleague about Glenn's preference for keeping things in the family: "He used to tell us to give only your name, rank and serial number." Staffers sometimes yearn for him to pick up the telephone and swap support with other Senators on particular bills.

High among Glenn's liabilities is his absolute incapacity to develop an effective team around him. He is an awful manager. His 23 years as a Marine pilot trained him to be thoroughly responsible for himself, to check and double-check himself, but in the process he never learned how to surrender authority. Glenn turned out to be a man who has to make every decision. And he makes them slowly. Over the years, memos and phone calls have sat on his desk, unanswered. He is not a shrewd judge of people. He manages his time badly and needs others to organize him. But assistants soon learn they must accept Glenn's short leash. He is not at all a demanding boss but instead tolerates inefficiency with maddening forbearance. Some of his staff wish he would be blunter. But Glenn shuns confrontation. His way of showing disapproval is to fall into a sustained silence.

From the start, the solitary Glenn has taken a certain satisfaction in going his own way. When Robert Kennedy urged him in 1964 to enter politics, Glenn jumped into the Senate race without informing Ohio leaders (he later fractured a bone in his ear and withdrew). In 1974, against heavy opposition, he challenged Howard Metzenbaum, the party favorite and incumbent Senator. About 15 party and labor leaders summoned Glenn to a showdown meeting. This time, they threatened, they would fight him. Glenn said nothing would change his mind. He

won after a nasty campaign; nine years later Glenn and Metzenbaum, who got himself re-elected in 1976, still loathe each other. The victory had its stings. One was Ethel Kennedy's refusal to campaign for Glenn. He had been working for Robert Kennedy in Los Angeles when R.F.K. was shot, and afterward escorted his children home. But as Glenn doped it out, Ted Kennedy, fearful of antagonizing Metzenbaum, was to blame for Ethel Kennedy's turndown. The episode caused permanent hard feelings.

Single-minded about his goals, Glenn often focuses on a particular point and is criticized for missing the broader picture. "He can see the pieces of the puzzle," says one Senator who serves with Glenn on the Foreign Relations Committee, "but he has trouble putting the puzzle together." The most extraordinary example of Glenn's fixation on detail occurred during the 1979 debate over the SALT II treaty. Jimmy Carter viewed the treaty as indispensable to further political initiatives with the Soviets and told Glenn so. Glenn focused on verification. He was convinced that the U.S. could not monitor the pact because of the loss of two tracking stations in Iran and the knowledge that the U.S. reconnaissance satellite had temporarily failed.

Back in New Concord, Annie and John Glenn launch the campaign

The Glenns: Grandson Daniel; Lyn, top left; David, right, and spouses

The Democrat from Ohio always stresses traditional values.

It was estimated that a dozen Senators would take their voting cue from Glenn. Thus enormous pressure was applied to get him to change his mind. Through top aides like Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, Carter sent along secret information that backup monitoring would soon be ready. Prominent Senators leaned hard on him. Glenn would not budge. His position: as soon as adequate verification was reinstated, he would vote for the treaty. The President, frustrated at what he considered Glenn's tunnel vision, telephoned him at home early one morning to complain further. Carter afterward told his staff he had never been so mad at anyone in his life. Glenn says he never thought he would hear himself talk to a President that way. "It hurt the country," one of the men who tried to persuade him remembers. "Glenn's stand was always principled, but he clung to an issue that was not transcendental." For their part, admirers viewed Glenn's holdout as proof that he will not take refuge in a popular political position.

He has scorn for politicians he thinks go back on their word or are opportunistic. Even the everyday inflationary talk of politics bothers the earnest Glenn. He says that too much gets promised. When he sat listening to Walter Mondale tell a California convention of Democrats that if elected he would right now, today, get Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov on the hot line and arrange a meeting right now, that very afternoon, Glenn in private showed disdain. He spotted Candidate Alan Cranston wearing a button that read STOP ACID RAIN *NOW* and shook his head. The emphasized now was too much for him. Glenn will offer no pies in the sky. "I'm just not going to run that way," he said.

Some would say he could not. Though he has enough of the Marine fly-boy banter in him to mix easily with crowds, he is too prim about his public conduct to be the least bit theatrical. Glenn is a wooden speaker. But he has polished up his basic themes in the past six months and has somewhat improved his platform skills. Last month in Bangor, Me., the political loner seemed more comfortable with the stump ritual of holding out his arms and asking a group of local Democrats to please give him a hand.

Back in his plane over Ohio, Glenn pointed below to a narrow green field and said it was there he had made his first solo flight, at 19, in a 60-h.p. trainer. He traced his finger a couple of miles down a country road. "That's where I grew up," he said, looking down at New Concord, a tiny community of 1,800 in which his father had worked as a plumber. He located the county fairground and the railroad tracks where he used to play. Glenn makes much of the self-reliance he developed in New Concord and later in the Marines. In Washington, he drives his own car everywhere and mows the lawn himself. When his wife Annie needs to come to the capital, he drives alone to the suburbs to pick her up. He does the family shopping occasionally and makes household repairs, even though he is the wealthiest of the Democratic candidates. His assets amount to $6 million, which came mostly from investments he made in Holiday Inns when he was an astronaut.

In spite of his fame and enormous exposure, Glenn at 61 is a shy, rather old-fashioned man. In the office he never removes his jacket or loosens his tie. He seems austere, but he is not a scold and does not preach to anyone. When a member of his staff first applied for a job, he told Glenn directly that he was a homosexual. Impressed by his candor, Glenn considered the matter for a couple of days, then hired him. He resists all efforts to let himself be repackaged. Aides once suggested Glenn get a speech coach, and he curtly brushed off the idea. Annie Glenn happened to be there and shouted out, "No, no one is going to change John!"

Glenn's inept managerial style and habitual procrastination have haunted his campaign. Because he has turned up his nose at cultivating political allies, he had little choice but to put his longtime Senate assistant, William White, in charge. White, 42, knows how to organize his boss's workday but has little savvy about organizing a national political drive. It is already too late in the day for Glenn's campaign to employ any direct-mail program; the candidate dithered around for months and would not make up his mind. The indecision has cut seriously into money raising. Glenn's recent spurt in the polls—he drew close to Mondale and ran 17 points ahead of Reagan—was a golden opportunity to zero in on new funds. But Glenn is still put off by the business of hustling for money. While Mondale makes hundreds of calls each week, Glenn can bring himself to make only a handful.

He misses important opportunities. Late last year Bert Lance, Democratic state chairman in Georgia and head of a coalition of Southern leaders, met with Glenn and urged him to get in touch with the group. Lance heard nothing for months. Mondale in the meantime sent his campaign chairman to see Lance for support and openly laid out his strategy. A top-flight political fund raiser, Tim Finchem, approached Glenn last fall about joining the campaign. Finchem, who waited three months for an answer, finally despaired.

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signed on with Mondale, and has since become one of the stars of that operation.

In his office one night recently, Glenn sat back and talked about himself and his campaign. His staff had gone home, and the room was totally quiet. He puffed on one of his carved pipes, this one in the shape of a bearded monarch. Glenn is a difficult man to unpeel. After years of dealing with an accepting public, he drifts easily into platitudes. One keeps wondering what now drives him. Obviously the ambition is still great. For it, Glenn had swallowed his pride and invited even the hated Metzenbaum to his presidential announcement in New Concord in April.

Why does he want to be President? he was asked. He gazed steadily at his visitor and answered without delay. "My ambition is really for the country," he said. "You may think that's just talk, but it's what drove me in combat, it's what drove me in the space program, and it's what drives me to be President." He sounded a little unreal, as if he were speaking for the symbol he had become. Yet he sounded convinced, too, and somehow convincing.

Does he have the capacity to see a great objective and go after it? What moves him most? What does he really care about? Asked these questions, he paused cautiously. Glenn seldom shows any emotion. One remembers that when the shield of his capsule heated up alarmingly as Glenn re-entered the atmosphere, his pulse rate rose by only one beat. He said he was deeply troubled about the country's eroding industrial base. He had witnessed the huge dislocation in his own cities of Youngstown and Akron and now in other shut-down plants around the country. "These high-tech promises are too easy," he said. "The fact is that millions of people will never get these same jobs back." He was into his homework now. Government could not just stand by, he said. There had to be some kind of massive plan to help workers through the years of pain ahead. The plan would have to pay for itself eventually, of course, to satisfy the fiscally conservative Glenn. He is more liberal on social issues like abortion and busing. Last week he picked up the endorsement of liberal Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts, who made a point of describing Glenn as a progressive.

It was 9:30 p.m. now, and he stayed patiently with the discussion. Glenn's strengths, in many ways, are also his weaknesses. His refusal to bend, his lack of political cleverness, his stands on principle over narrow objectives make his candidacy both uplifting and risky. Can this gutty loner reach out to people and build coalitions? Can this fussy perfectionist form a Government and make it work? These are questions that people are entitled to ask themselves about a man who wants to be President. John Glenn, war hero, space hero, champion vote getter, for the past 40 years a veritable Mr. America, still must show he can put the required pieces of the puzzle together. —*By Robert Ajemian*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Art of Political Insult

Presidential Aspirant Fritz Hollings last week referred to his fellow presidential aspirant John Glenn as "this joker." Among the political cognoscenti that may have been the second biggest story of the week, outranked only by British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's electoral tidal wave. Invective can be hazardous on the hustings in these timorous days.

Speaker Tip O'Neill has called President Reagan "Herbert Hoover with a smile," and Reagan has branded Challenger Fritz Mondale "Vice President Malaise." But those were gentle epithets delivered with a velvet glove and a twinkling eye. Since we throw so many stones into television's glass house (Reagan dubbed ABC's Sam Donaldson "the Ayatullah of the White House press corps"), it should be mentioned that most political analysts believe the electronic medium has brought a higher level of behavior among the contenders for the White House. Lamentably, the entertainment level has declined.

Before Hollings levitated to the presidential level he had real flavor. He called David Stockman, director of the Office of Management and Budget, "a pathological finagler." In the debate over the MX, he roared at the opposition, "Dense pack is an appropriate name for more than just a missile configuration."

CULVER

Teddy Roosevelt: no pussyfooter

It is wonderful when language rises to the occasion. Back in 1970, Lexicographer William Safire delighted America with two verbal soufflés: "nattering nabobs of negativism" and "pusillanimous pussyfooters." Safire's delivery agent was Vice President Spiro Agnew, a nay boob. The soufflés later collapsed in acrimony.

Edmund Morris, a Theodore Roosevelt biographer, reminds us that invective can sting and skewer, yet bring admiration for the pronouncer. He spoke at the Smithsonian Institution last month on T.R. as a writer, noting that Roosevelt indulged in the biting phrase for the sheer joy of it. "One often heard the undertone of Homeric chuckling," said Morris, when Roosevelt delivered himself of another polished gem, "as if, after all, he loved the fun of hating what he hated." Few people could stay angry at such artistry and boyishness.

Roosevelt called the President of Venezuela "a pithecanthropoid," according to Morris, and once referred to the lionized George Bernard Shaw as "a blue-rumped ape." Sir Mortimer Durand, His Majesty's Ambassador to the U.S. back then, was denounced as a fellow with "a mind that functions at six guinea-pig power." The Populist Senator William Peffer was immortalized as "a well-meaning, pinheaded, anarchistic crank, of hirsute and slab-sided aspect." That latter bit might make it a little difficult for the victim to throw off the effects with a laugh. Still, all of Morris' research on Roosevelt shows that deep down few adversaries could totally subdue affection for the Republican rouser.

One of Morris' favorite T.R. sallies was directed against members of the Populist Party. "That a man should change his clothes in the evening, that he should dine at any other hour than noon, impress these good people as being symptoms of depravity instead of merely trivial," snorted Roosevelt. "A taste for learning and cultivated friends, and a tendency to bathe frequently, cause in them the deepest suspicion."

The country has moved on since those days, but the point is made that digestible invective comes from intelligence, research and thought. Roosevelt, a *magna cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Harvard, was president of the American Historical Association as well as of the U.S. He lectured learnedly at the Sorbonne and Oxford, may have read up to three books a day most of his adult life and wrote more than 18 million words. He is credited with such coinages as "hyphenated Americans," "clean as a hound's tooth," "weasel words," "the right stuff," "the lunatic fringe." No pusillanimous pussyfooter he. And, by the way, it was T.R. who came up with pussyfooting.

Some 100 mud fighters prepare for the next crisis in North Ogden: "People were out here all night, filling those bags like crazy"

An Inspired Clean-Up Campaign

Mormon volunteers fight the spring floods in Utah

Utah's Mormons take acts of God seriously, and since mid-April, a late spring snowfall, 90° temperatures and melting snow in the Wasatch and Uinta ranges have produced the worst flooding in the state's history, displacing more than 2,000 people and exacting some $200 million in damage. In response, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has mounted an extraordinary volunteer effort. Says Governor Scott M. Matheson: "The Mormon Church has the best grapevine in the world. One phone call to the church triggered the quickest network of activity I've ever seen. When you push the button, people come out in droves." Items:

▸ One night last week a Forest Service employee stationed in Coldwater Canyon, high above the town of North Ogden, Utah, heard trees snapping and boulders rolling. One hundred residents fled for shelter to a Mormon center moments before a river of mud slithered into three houses. North Ogden Mayor Don Colvin, who is also a Mormon Church officer, informed another church official of the crisis. In less than an hour 200 Mormon volunteers had arrived to reinforce the banks of Coldwater Creek. By 3 a.m., 5,000 sandbags were in place. Says Colvin: "People were out here all night, filling those bags like crazy. We have a fire department, but if we hadn't had those volunteers, we'd have been in deep trouble."

▸ Two weeks ago, mud and rocks crashed down Rudd Creek Canyon, burying at least five houses, damaging 100 more in Farmington, 17 miles north of Salt Lake City, and sending a Mormon volunteer brigade into action. Last week 15 volunteers spent an entire day cleaning out the mud-filled basement of Paul Ward, 64. They threw watermelon-size rocks onto a conveyor belt and pushed buckets of muck through a cellar window to a team of 20 men, women and children, who passed the pails from hand to hand. Says a grateful Ward: "I wasn't expecting anybody to come help. They just showed up and started working."

▸ Just after Memorial Day, when a dam of debris in Ward Canyon broke and sent water and mud pouring into Bountiful, ten miles north of Salt Lake City, 1,000 volunteers showed up to help. An additional 500 volunteers a day work in the Midvale gravel pit, where they perform the task of shoveling dirt into sandbags. On weekends the number of volunteers doubles: entire families show up

Utah's ordeal has put the Mormon virtues of organization, self-reliance and unstinting community service to the test. So far, the mud is losing—without heavy involvement on the part of the Federal Government. Mormons disapprove of Government aid and prefer to deploy their resources to care for their own. Even though Governor Matheson has succeeded in getting ten Utah counties declared national disaster areas, the church will gently discourage its followers from applying for federal assistance. And the Mormon effort has been joined by volunteers from all religious backgrounds, creating some duplications of service. Mormons from Rexburg, Idaho, though eager to lend a hand in Utah, have been told by church officials that they are not yet needed. Says Elder Robert E. Wells, an executive administrator in the church: "We're always organized for emergencies. We have a tight-knit ecclesiastical order from the grass roots all the way to the top."

Younger workers pitch in

In the Mormon Church, every member is part of the lay clergy and a link in a pyramid-shaped chain of command. Observes Salt Lake County Flood Control Director Terry Holzworth: "I'm not LDS [Latter-day Saints] myself, but you have to admire the structure. With one phone call I can get thousands of volunteers right away. It's nothing short of fantastic." At the organization's top are President and Prophet Spencer W. Kimball and his two counselors, who oversee the Quorum of Twelve Apostles. They in turn supervise the Quorum of Seventy, who control the 215 worldwide regional representatives, each of whom is in charge of twelve "stakes." Each stake president is the leader of six or more wards or bishoprics, and each bishop has three quorums whose leaders report to him.

Just before the Memorial Day weekend, Salt Lake City's mayor asked for recruits to battle the floods. He got only 70 responses. But, said a city official, "one call to the Mormons, and 1,000 people showed up to help." That kind of effort will continue to be needed: further flooding is predicted for southern Salt Lake County some time next week. The county and the Mormons are prepared. Says Governor Matheson: "It is awesome to have those resources helping you night and day." —*By Robert T. Grieves. Reported by Alessandra Stanley/Salt Lake City*

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COVER STORY

Thatcher Triumphant

In the greatest landslide since 1945, the Tories win a 144-seat majority

Shortly after she became Prime Minister in 1979, Margaret Thatcher was showing a guest around 10 Downing Street. On the way up the main staircase, she pointed out the portraits along the wall of England's Prime Ministers, from William Pitt (1783-1801) to her predecessor, James Callaghan. The visitor remarked that there was no room left for Thatcher's picture. "Don't worry," she said with the trace of a smile, "I'll push all the others down."

She did something even better last week. In the most impressive electoral sweep by any British party since 1945, Thatcher's Conservatives won 397 seats in the new 650-member Parliament, giving the Prime Minister a thumping majority of 144 seats over the combined opposition parties. The Labor Party, by contrast, captured only 209 seats, while the new Social Democratic/Liberal Alliance picked up 23.* Thatcher becomes the first Conservative Prime Minister in this century to be re-elected to a second term, a feat unmatched even by such illustrious entries on the stairway wall as Winston Churchill and Harold Macmillan. Beaming down from a balcony at Tory headquarters in London, Husband Denis at her side, Thatcher told her jubilant supporters, "It was a larger victory than I dared hope for."

A queue of fans making their preference known in north London

She made England proud again, the nation returned the favor.

The election is certain to speed Thatcher's efforts to reshape the political, economic and social fabric of Britain according to her firmly conservative views. Indeed, the votes had barely been counted last week when she announced a shake-up of her Cabinet. Ousted from his post as Foreign Secretary was Francis Pym, who had differed with Thatcher on a number of issues. His replacement is Sir Geoffrey Howe, who as Thatcher's Chancellor of the Exchequer proved himself a trusted instrument of her economic policies. Howe's successor at Treasury is Nigel Lawson, formerly Secretary of Energy and another loyal Thatcherite. Deputy Prime Minister and Home Secretary William Whitelaw, whom Thatcher considered too moderate, has been elevated to the House of Lords. His Home Office job will be filled by Leon Brittan, a fast-rising Thatcher favorite and onetime deputy to Howe at Treasury. Conservative Party Chairman Cecil Parkinson was rewarded for his conduct of the election campaign by being made head of an expanded Department of Trade and Industry.

With Christian Democrat Helmut Kohl recently installed as Chancellor of West Germany and Socialist Prime Minister François Mitterrand facing formidable opposition in France, the Tory triumph stirred talk of a rising conservative tide in Western Europe. The election is also heartening for Ronald Reagan, whose resolutely anti-Soviet foreign policy and free-market economic philosophy are shared by Thatcher. As he weighs a second term, Reagan cannot help noting that Thatcher scored points for bringing down inflation but did not seem to lose many for failing to cut the worrisome unemployment rate.

The election was a disaster for Labor, which suffered its most stinging defeat since 1918. Michael Foot, 69, the donnish, white-haired historian and critic who would have become Prime Minister had Labor won, held on to his parliamentary seat at Blaenau Gwent in Wales, but is expected to resign soon as Labor's leader.

Of the 23 seats won by the Alliance, 17 were captured by Liberal candidates and only six by Social Democrats, whose party was formed by disgruntled Laborites in 1981. Two of the S.D.P.'s principal founders, former Education Secretary Shirley Williams, 52, and onetime Transport Secretary William Rodgers, 54, lost their elections. If the Alliance won relatively few seats, however, it did claim 25% of the popular vote and could eventually become a formidable political force. The Alliance nearly outpolled Labor, which had 28% of the vote, while the Tories won 42%.

The disparity between votes polled and seats won, a feature of Britain's single-member-district electoral system, drew immediate cries of protest from Alliance officials. "I feel a sense of outrage," said Liberal Leader David Steel, 45. Complained Shirley Williams: "Under a different system, it would have been a spectacular performance."

In Northern Ireland, which sends 17 representatives to Parliament, the election made history. After years of boycotting British ballots, Sinn Fein (Ourselves Alone), the political arm of the Irish Republican Army, picked up a seat. The winner, Gerry Adams, campaigned unashamedly in support of the "armed struggle" against British rule. He ended up polling 16,000 votes in his west Belfast district, 6,000 more than the constituency's highly esteemed Member of Parliament, Gerard Fitt, a Catholic. Adams has no intention of taking his newly won seat at Westminster: his party does not recognize Parliament.

Above all, the election was a resounding personal triumph for Margaret Hilda Thatcher, 57, the grocer's daughter from Grantham, Lincolnshire, whose arrival at 10 Downing Street in 1979 was considered by many in her party to be a fluke. Emerging from far outside the ranks of the Tory Establishment and claiming only four years' experience in a minor Cabinet post (as Education Secretary in the early 1970s), Thatcher was virtually untutored in the art of governing, untested under fire. But in four years' time she earned the nickname "Iron Lady," as a

*The remaining 21 seats are held by the 17 members from Northern Ireland and by fringe parties from Wales and Scotland

Photograph for TIME by Peter Jordan

Issues that fizzled: demonstrators parade through London protesting high unemployment . . .

tough, gritty leader who seemed to relish a good scrap. Her personality, in a sense, became government policy. "The resolute approach," Tories labeled it. By the time she called new elections last month, Thatcher dominated the national stage as no other Prime Minister had done since Churchill.

The election could not have offered voters a more dramatic choice. Britain was forced to decide between radical right and zealous left, with only the unproven Alliance trying to hold the center. The Labor Party's campaign manifesto called for pulling Britain out of the European Community, unilaterally banishing nuclear weapons from British soil, launching a $17 billion job-creation program and nationalizing a clutch of key industries. The Conservative manifesto, on the other hand, pledged to do the opposite on just about every issue. Aside from staying in the European Community and keeping the missiles, the Tories vowed that they would not resort to inflationary spending to stimulate the economy and promised to return already nationalized firms (British Airways, British Telecom, Rolls-Royce) to the private sector. The Prime Minister took special delight in promising to reform the unions, her bitterest enemies and the lifeblood of the Labor Party (they provide 90% of its funds). The middle ground was taken over by the Alliance, which tried to depict the two major parties as too extreme. The Alliance platform, for example, called for keeping the nation's aging Polaris missiles and delaying a decision on deployment of U.S. cruise missiles in Britain as long as there was hope of serious negotiations with the Soviet Union.

Two candidates could hardly be more different in style than Foot and Thatcher. The Labor Party leader looked and acted on the stump like an absent-minded professor: white hair often mussed, head bobbing right and left, tweed suits rumpled. Foot shambled amiably through the crowds, often throwing a comradely arm around a fan or bussing a comely voter.

"Freedom Is Working"

Awaiting the outcome of last week's balloting, Margaret Thatcher, elegantly dressed for the victory celebration that was to come, sat on a brocade sofa in the handsome white drawing room at 10 Downing Street and talked with TIME *London Bureau Chief Bonnie Angelo. Excerpts from the interview:*

On her first term. It is quite a lot for a politician to be able to take the long-term view, knowing that it is going to give you immense short-term trouble. That was the great decision, and we held together over it. The achievement in inflation is not just that it has come down to 4% from 21%, but that it has been done without the panoply of prices and incomes or exchange controls. Freedom is working.

On the Atlantic Alliance. After our election, I think we are much more likely to get disarmament negotiations going, and that would be a very cohesive thing in the alliance. I think the Russians are desperately hoping that their efforts will have some effect on our public opinion. [Chancellor] Helmut Kohl's election was immensely important to the NATO alliance in West Germany, so mine here is immensely important. I think it is only after the Russians know that the main legs of the alliance are staying absolutely firm that we might get some genuine disarmament negotiations going in Geneva. There has been a tremendous feeling this year that the most important thing [at Williamsburg] was cohesiveness and unity among the Western alliance.

On the European Community. I am a passionate believer in Europe because the democracies of the world have got to show they can stand together. Whatever the differences that divide them, and there can be many, they have got to be subordinate to the overwhelming need to stand together. It is a very uncertain world in which we live, and it always will be.

On summitry. It is very important that the seven of us [leaders of the U.S., Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Japan and Canada] get together. It is not so much the great communiqués that came out, although the two communiqués that came out [in Williamsburg last month] were very good and absolutely right for the Western world at this time. The thing is that we cannot meet in private. That is what all of us hanker after: to meet and have a good talk in private without the world press being there. But if two or three of us were to talk together it would leak out, and there would be some false significance attached to it. I think it is a great pity.

On Britain's nuclear weapons. So long as there are immense ballistic missiles in the world, we have to have an independent nuclear deterrent. It adds to the general deterrent effect of the NATO alliance, just as the French force does. But if, between the two big powers, the numbers went down massively and enormously and we moved into a totally different world—a far greater reduction than I can foresee certainly within the next five years—then there may be circumstances when ours will have to be counted [in arms negotiations]. But I cannot foresee that at the moment.

On the Falklands. The Falklands have a strategic importance. How often have I tried to tell our friends and allies this. The Falklands have been important in British history since 1770, when we were forced off. The battle of the Falklands in the first World War was for the command of those straits; if we had not won that, we would not have won the war. It is British sovereign territory. The Falklanders wish to be British subjects. I simply do not understand what is wrong with that. I would have thought it was of immense help to our American friends that we were there.

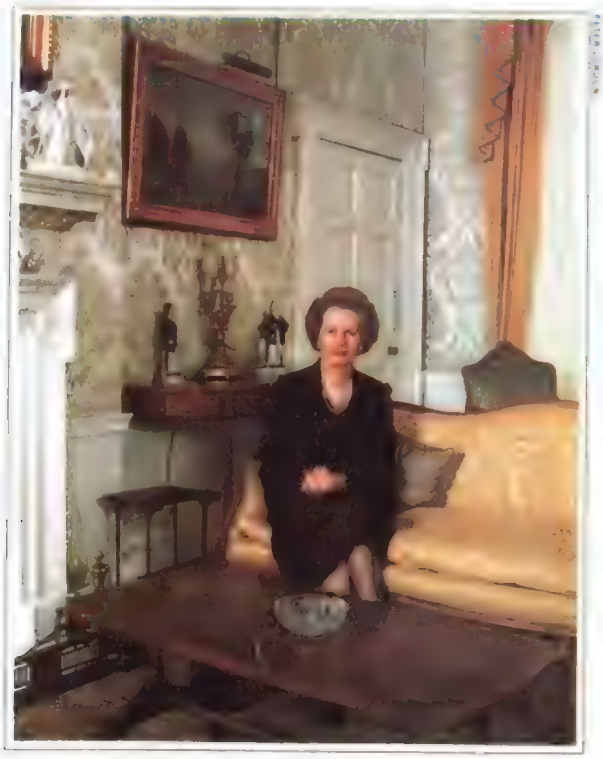
On the status of Gibraltar. It is governed by the Treaty of Utrecht of 1713, and again the governing thing is the wishes of

He displayed an impressive ability to talk for hours without a text, but his train of thought was occasionally derailed. At times he would start a sentence with a shout but end in a mumble. Quoting obscure passages from Jonathan Swift and reminiscing about old political battles, Foot seemed like a ghost from the past, "a kind of walking obituary for the Labor Party," as *Guardian* Columnist Peter Jenkins put it. In the dwindling days of the campaign, journalists began comparing Foot to another doomed figure, King Lear.

If Foot sometimes seemed like a rambling evangelical, Thatcher appeared to be on an endless emotional high, dynamic, aggressive, thoroughly in command of her facts. Her ash-brown hair remained carefully coiffed on all but the windiest of days, and her softly tailored suits and dresses (usually in Tory blue) rarely showed a wrinkle. Always a good speechmaker, she sharpened her delivery during the campaign by using an electronic prompting device, something relatively new to British politics and dubbed the "sincerity box" by the press. Unlike Foot, she rarely campaigned on the streets, but swirled efficiently through high-tech plants, bakeries, farms and wool mills. At each stop, she took an obsessive interest in what was shown her, asking in detail how thermostats were made at a Tarka Controls factory in Inverness, discussing the fine points of beer with workers at Robinson's Unicorn Brewery in Stockport.

. . . and members of an antinuclear group take their crusade to Parliament

Never during the four-week campaign did it appear that the Tories would have a tight race, let alone lose. From the start, the polls showed Labor badly trailing the Conservatives, and as the weeks wore on, the margin grew as high as 21 points. Hobbled by a platform that many voters found impossibly ambitious and disturbingly leftist, Labor conducted a campaign in which almost nothing went right. Foot and Deputy Leader Denis Healey, 65, wrangled publicly over details of the party's controversial disarmament



Thatcher in the White Room at No. 10 Downing Street

the people of Gibraltar. I have always found great difficulty with the U.S. in not understanding this. The U.S. is founded on freedom and self-determination and democracy. Why do they find difficulty in applying that to the Falklands or to Gibraltar?

On Catholic rights in Northern Ireland. It is not a question, as it was in Rhodesia [now Zimbabwe], of exchanging the bullet for the ballot. They have the ballot box, but they do not even take part in the Northern Ireland Assembly. What they do not like is that the ballot box does not give them the majority, and therefore some of them resort to the bullet and those few intimidate the others. Mind you, I understand the people of Northern Ireland; once you have got terrorism it paralyzes many people who would otherwise want to help. One must not judge the minority community by the terrorism, never, never, never. Because when you have got that terrorism and that kind of intimidation, the people are not free.

On anti-Americanism in Britain. I hope I killed it. I spoke about it because I think there was, probably because of the cruise missiles, a bit of anti-Americanism. But the moment you remind people that the world is not likely to be free or safe unless we and the U.S. stick together, and of the fantastic generosity of the U.S. to Europe, putting it on its feet with the Marshall Plan, immediately they get their things in perspective. People are not anti-American really. It is really like being members of the same family: they work up resentment and then you say, "Now, look, come off it. Just keep things in perspective."

On the task ahead. We now have to try to do what every nation is trying to do, to get jobs. But you are only going to get jobs by getting real, genuine enterprise going. And genuine enterprise only gets going provided that by its products and by its services it can win customers. I think our biggest single achievement is the whole change of attitude in this country.

On whether she will lead her party in the next election. Yes, I hope so

policies. That dispute had barely ended when former Prime Minister Callaghan, 71, revived it by disagreeing with them both. Then while Foot was striving to dispel the notion that he was a tired and ineffective leader, his wife, Feminist Writer Jill Craigie, was quoted as saying that her husband would step down soon after the election to make way for a younger man. Worse yet, the Labor leader did not flatly contradict the report.

Labor switched strategies constantly, from highlighting disarmament to stressing unemployment to attacking Thatcher's bossy style. On the last point, the Prime Minister certainly gave Labor ample ammunition: twice she publicly reprimanded Foreign Secretary Pym, once when he suggested that too large a majority might prove unmanageable for the Tories. "I think I can handle a landslide," she snapped. During her daily press briefings, she often interrupted her ministers to amplify and sometimes contradict their remarks.

But Labor fumbled even the issue of Thatcher's style. In a disastrous miscalculation, Healey blasted her conduct of the Falklands war, characterizing her as a "Prime Minister who glories in slaughter." That intemperate criticism was roundly condemned by politicians and press alike, and even Foot distanced himself from the remarks.

Foot and Wife Jill after election loss

Thatcher campaigned like a politician fighting to save her career, even though victory seemed so certain that London bookmakers stopped taking bets on the outcome five days before the election. Hearing the rumblings of a landslide, the Prime Minister was striving not just for an improvement on her 34-seat majority in Parliament but for a colossal improvement. Yet not all Tory supporters favored an earth-moving triumph. In an editorial headlined A TORY VICTORY, YES, A LANDSLIDE, NO, the *Sunday Times* reminded readers that voting for Alliance candidates in marginal districts could keep a Conservative triumph within bounds. Said the paper: "We should not need reminding what absolute power, even if acquired through the ballot box, can do to those who come to possess it." Few voters seemed to listen last week.

Liberal David Steel

Social Democrat Roy Jenkins

FRANCIS DIAS

How did she do it? In large part, Thatcher owes the size of the verdict to her handling of a colonial conflict on a sprinkle of islands 8,000 miles from home. Only a few months before the Argentines took the Falkland Islands in April of last year, the Prime Minister's approval rating in the polls stood at 25%, the lowest of any British leader since World War II. Once war broke out, her unflinching determination to bring victory back from the South Atlantic stamped Thatcher permanently in the public mind as the bold, decisive leader she had always wanted to be.

The war was only the most vivid showcase for a combativeness Thatcher exhibited, sometimes with mixed results, throughout her first term. "She thrives on confrontation," said a Cabinet colleague. She wrestled with the European Community over British contributions to the E.C. treasury and succeeded in winning sizable rebates. She lambasted the Soviet Union with cold war invective. She coldly withstood the threats of Irish Republican Army hunger strikers, even when ten of them died of starvation in 1981 at Belfast's Maze prison. She pursued an austere, rigidly monetarist economic line, and when members of her Cabinet protested about the pain it was causing many Britons, she forced out a number of these "wets," her term for the irresolute. Says former Labor Prime Minister Sir Harold Wilson, 67, who retired from politics last month after 38 years in Parliament: "Mrs. Thatcher's image is that of the toughest man we've got."

What is especially remarkable about the Thatcher victory is that it took place with Britain suffering its highest level of unemployment since the Great Depression. During four years of Tory rule, joblessness shot up from 5.4% to 13.3%, leaving 3,049,000 Britons out of work. Yet polls showed that voters generally did not blame Thatcher for the loss of their jobs, but accepted her argument that the world recession was chiefly at fault and that she was more likely to put them back to work than Labor was. Indeed, surveys taken shortly before the election indicated that an astonishing one out of three unemployed Britons planned to vote Tory. Many workers greatly appreciated her feat in bringing the inflation rate down from a high of 22% in 1980 to the current 4%. In addition, Britain's generous array of unemployment benefits, which Thatcher has left largely intact, has blunted the anger of many without jobs.

The Prime Minister's success in defusing the unemployment issue is doubly impressive because the economic experiment called Thatcherism is, by her reckoning, only halfway completed. Upon coming to power in 1979, she reduced income taxes (the top rate fell from 83% to 60%), raised the value-added tax (a levy on goods and services) 8% to 15% and sharply cut public spending. Thatcher's top priority was fighting inflation. That was a reversal of traditional British postwar economic policy, which held full employment as the primary objective. To curb price rises, she cut public spending at a time when rising unemployment and the consequent increase in welfare expenditures would normally push it up. The money supply was throttled and interest rates were allowed to soar, forcing up the value of the pound and making British goods harder to sell on world markets. The strategy cooled inflation by cheapening imports and killing off demand generally, although it also threw a record number of British companies into bankruptcy and millions of workers out of jobs. Since June 1979, when the downturn began, industrial production has slumped 11.6% (*vs.* an average fall of only 4% for other industrial powers).

There are some encouraging signs. Bank lending rates are now in the 10% range, down from 17% in 1980, and mortgages have fallen from 15% to a more affordable 10%. Productivity is up, and the rate of wage hikes is down. But none of these signs of improving health are proof that the rebound will persist or that Thatcherism is a success. Although the Prime Minister is convinced that Britain is on the motorway to recovery, many economic experts have doubts. Even official Treasury projections indicate that growth will slow again, unemployment will rise and inflation will creep upward over the next twelve to 18 months. Most of the government's economists are bracing for a jump in joblessness to 3.3 million by this fall. Nonetheless, the Prime Minister is unlikely to resort to Keynesian pump priming even if her policies remain slow to work. At one of the most critical times of her first term, when

she was being pressed by many in her Cabinet to reflate the economy by some $5 billion, she uttered the now famous words: "The lady is not for turning."

Just as the Prime Minister has changed the course of British economic policy, she has altered the shape of the nation's politics, especially within the Conservative Party. Fading fast is the image of the Tories as the private preserve of landed gentlemen who went to the right schools, believe in moderation, and carry a certain sense of *noblesse oblige* toward the lower classes. Thatcher has taken the party out of the hands of the gentry and turned it over to people like herself who have worked their way up in the world and who sometimes see a sense of social responsibility as an unaffordable luxury. She has forged an alliance between skilled workers and the middle class; according to polls taken before the election, a majority of both groups planned to vote for her. Only unskilled workers have remained safely in the Labor camp, and theirs is a dwindling breed. Next year, for the first time, blue-collar workers will be outnumbered by white-collar workers in the labor force. Meanwhile, surveys show that voters today are growing less and less likely to vote by class, simply along the lines of bowler hat *vs.* cloth cap. As if that were not advantage enough for Thatcher, Britain's population is shifting from the big cities that have long been Labor strongholds to the Tory enclaves of suburbia. Parliamentary districts were redrawn for last week's election to reflect that migration, and the Tories clearly gained. "Social changes are taking place which make the Conservatives the party of the future and Labor the party of the past," says Robert Waller, author of *The Almanac of British Politics*. "Labor has been reduced to the party of the minorities."

Thatcher has broadened the appeal of her party primarily by being herself. True, some of her policies are also good politics: to capitalize on the universal dream of owning one's own home, she gave residents of government-built houses the opportunity to purchase them. About 500,000 have done so. But much of the Thatcher program is rooted in her right-wing instincts. She stirs the hearts of many with her call for a return to capital punishment and greater powers for the police. Thatcher has become, according to Tory M.P. Julian Critchley, the spokeswoman for a new middle class, "the Rotarians of Grantham who, dissatisfied with much that they see, welcome the Prime Minister's call for radical change."

The transformation within the party extends from the grass-roots level right up to the Cabinet. In Tory parliamentary selection committees, the seats are no longer filled with local grandees but with insurance agents, housewives, teachers, salesmen. These party activists tend to pick candidates from among their own kind. The new Tory politician tends to be a self-made, middle-manager type with more stomach for the rough-and-tumble of pavement politics than his or her predecessors. Thatcher, too, has apparently found the old school ties a bit too binding: her Cabinet no longer contains a Tory blueblood. The last to go was Lord Carrington, who resigned as Foreign Secretary after shouldering the blame for the Falklands takeover.

That preference for the *arriviste* should not be surprising, for Margaret Thatcher is an exemplar of the new Tory. From her earliest days in Grantham, where she and her family lived above her father's grocery store, she seems to have been infused with a *Girl Scout Handbook* of virtues. "I'm a born hard worker," she told a reporter. "I watched my mother work like a Trojan in the shop and house." She sometimes repeats one of her grandmother's favorite homilies: "If a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing well."

Trade's Parkinson

New Exchequer Lawson

Foreign Secretary Geoffrey Howe

At 10 Downing Street, where Thatcher once again lives above the shop, the homily is alive and well. After retiring around 1 a.m., she rises in time to catch the 6 a.m. newscast on BBC Radio 4. Often with no more than an apple for breakfast, she enthusiastically bustles about preparing eggs, bacon, toast and marmalade for Denis. By 8:30, she is downstairs in her office, paging through a report of overnight news prepared by her press secretary, Bernard Ingham. She looks through the *Financial Times*, but generally only skims the other papers. In fact, Thatcher makes it a rule to skip nasty stories about herself. "You start to see your name and, if you know it's going to be horrid, then stop," she once said. "During the day, you have to take your decisions and concentrate your mind, and you can't if something is really hurtful."

By 9:30, she is often meeting with a small group of Cabinet ministers. On Thursdays at 10:30, there is a full Cabinet session, with Mrs. Thatcher at the center of the boat-shaped table. She hurries the ministers briskly along, rarely allowing any departures from the agenda. When Parliament is in session, she spends the mornings with her staff readying for question time, that twice-weekly exercise in which the Prime Minister fields queries, and often insults, from opposition M.P.s. A cook is brought in on question days to prepare what Thatcher calls "good nursery food" (shepherd's pie, or perhaps a stew), and the staff works until 2:30 p.m., when the Prime Minister leaves for Parliament in her bulletproof black Daimler.

On evenings free of meetings and state occasions, she and Denis often entertain. If after-dinner conversation wades too deeply into politics, Denis is likely to excuse himself to watch television. Even when Thatcher is finished with postprandial conversation, the day is not over: she sifts through the papers in her red leather briefing boxes before turning out the light. Weekends are usually spent at Chequers, the Prime Minister's official country residence in Buckinghamshire. While Denis practices his putting on the lawn, his wife writes letters or reads (her favorite author: John le Carré). But even in the solitude of Chequers, she will often invite Cabinet members or fellow politicians for Sunday lunch.

Tough as she may be with her ministers and fellow M.P.s, Thatcher can display a warm, caring side. She has a remarkable memory for names of wives and children, and she can be gracious in embarrassing moments. Once, at a dinner at Chequers, a nervous waitress spilled a plate of roast beef and gravy on the Treasury's Sir Geoffrey Howe. Thatcher leaped to the terrified girl's side and comforted her: "There, there, dear. It could happen to anybody."

Thatcher looks, if anything, younger now than when she first won the job. She has grown slimmer (current weight: just under 140 lbs.), has had her teeth capped and has taken to wearing more stylish clothes. After four trying years, Thatcher's Wedgwood face remains virtually unlined, and her eyes still have their girlish sparkle. "There's no magic formula," Thatcher explains. "The only secret is

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that I love this job. It suits me and stimulates me. There's never been one moment when I thought, 'Oh, my goodness, I wish I wasn't here.' "

By all signs, Thatcher's second term will be much like the first. "She's shown the color of her money in the first four years," says a senior aide. "She'll follow the same line with even greater vigor." Faced with a divided Labor Party and its disastrous manifesto, the Tories did not feel a need to spell out any new policies in detail. Once again, however, Thatcher will concentrate on what she sees as her main task: transforming the nation's economy and attitude toward work. She is fond of calling for a return to "Victorian values," by which she means the virtues of thrift and self-reliance, hard work and sense of duty. (In an inspired bit of parody, the liberal *New Statesman* illustrated a special issue on the subject with a photomontage of Thatcher as Queen Victoria.) As Peregrine Worsthorne, associate editor of the conservative *Sunday Telegraph*, puts it, Thatcher "is as ignorantly contemptuous of the so-called values of the idle rich as of the so-called idle poor."

At the same time, she grandly envisions a computerized, microchipped Brit-

The First Gentleman

Dear Bill,

Only another week, thank God. My hand is already calloused and misshapen from pressing the proletarian flesh. Then last night I woke up shouting, "Hear, hear," in response to Margaret's snores, which will give you some idea of how far things have gone . . .

Denis

He prefers golf with his chums to affairs of state. He calls his wife "the boss," grouses about the "reptiles" of Fleet Street, and is addicted to a "tincture or two" before dinner. His name is Denis Thatcher, and he is the target of a long-running spoof in the British satirical magazine *Private Eye* in the form of letters to a fictional golfing pal named Bill. The missives tell of one man's travails living at 10 Downing Street with the British Prime Minister, who happens to be his wife.

The authors of the letters are Humorists John Wells and Richard Ingrams. They began writing the "Dear Bill" series soon after Mrs. Thatcher took office in 1979. The feature proved so popular that two years ago it was adapted into a stage farce, *Anyone for Denis?* The letters have also served to make the real-life Denis, 68, a semiretired businessman who does indeed play golf, a sympathetic figure in his difficult role as Britain's first First Gentleman.

Though friends say that the *Private Eye* satires make Denis seem more of a Milquetoast than he is, they have sometimes been so closely drawn that Thatcher aides suspected a spy on the premises. Denis' own opinions, quirks and quips are remarkably similar to those thought up by Wells and Ingrams. When asked at the start of Mrs. Thatcher's tour of the Far East last year if he would be wearing any particular hat, Denis shot back, "No hat, just my usual place half a step behind." Another time, commenting on his role in helping his wife campaign, he quipped in his best mock Cockney, "It's just a job. I do me best." And once when someone asked if he and Maggie had separate bank accounts, he replied, "God, yes, and separate beds."

Throughout the campaign, Denis has been a dutiful fixture at Maggie's appearances, nodding and applauding at the right moments, croaking, "Hear, hear," like a proud bullfrog each time she makes a point. A diligent Norwegian reporter counted 40 "Hear, hears" during a single Thatcher speech a few weeks ago in Yorkshire. Denis has a penchant for the blunt phrase. He routinely refers to trade unionists as "Luddites" and to antinuclear protesters as "Commies." As he once put it, "I don't pretend that I'm anything but an honest-to-God right-winger." After a few such remarks slipped into the press, Denis stopped giving interviews. Says a family friend: "The irony is that 20 years ago he would have thought a female Prime Minister a biological impossibility."

Denis might also have been surprised to see his wife's career blossom just as his was ending. Born in London in 1915, he was sent to Mill Hill, a second-drawer boarding school, then went on to join the Royal Artillery. By the end of World War II, he had risen to the rank of major. There was also a brief marriage and a divorce. Denis' grandfather in Kent had discovered an effective sheep-dip and founded a company, Atlas Preservatives, to market it. After the war, Denis went to work for the firm, which became a successful paint manufacturer.

One evening in 1949, he offered a young Tory candidate named Margaret Roberts, then 23, a lift home from a political meeting. They were married two years later. By then, Denis had inherited the family business and considerable wealth. Maggie quit work, studied law, gave birth to twins, Carol and Mark, and began her ascent up the political ladder. Denis traveled extensively for Atlas and eventually sold the firm to Castrol, a lubricating-oil company, which was later taken over by Burmah Oil. He was a director of planning at a Burmah subsidiary when he retired in 1975, and still sits on several corporate boards.

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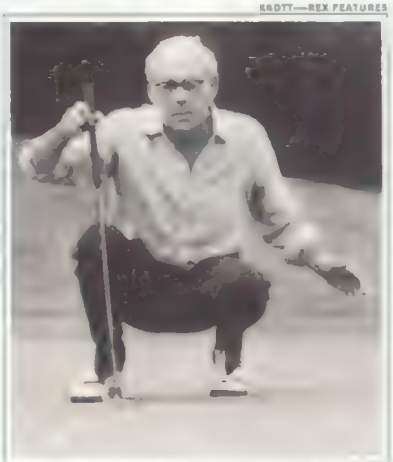

Denis Thatcher lines up a golf shot

Does he discuss politics with the boss? "Yes," says she. "We talk about political problems and my problems, just as we talked about his when he was running his family business." He is reputed to be a skillful host at No. 10, and usually manages to get in a golf game twice a week (his handicap: 21). The twins, now 29, lead busy, independent lives. Carol got her law degree, then took up journalism and broadcasting. Mark's exploits as a race-car driver have given his parents a few gray hairs. Mark is now involved in promotional schemes for his company, Monteagle Marketing.

But Denis is the member of the family who has won the hearts of *Private Eye* readers. "We parody him," says Wells, "because he is a stock figure in English society. But the real point of the letters is not so much to expose the mad antics of Denis as, through an innocent lens, to look at the mad antics of Maggie." In one of his last letters before election day, the fictional Denis fretted about the gathering landslide.

Dear Bill,

What worries me is that my worst fears about another four years of misery cooped up in purdah in a back room at Downing Street seem all too justified. With a 200-seat majority, can you imagine what she'll be like?

Denis

To which the real Mr. Thatcher might croak, "Hear, hear."

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ain humming smartly into the future. Says an adviser: "She wants to modernize not just the technology but the attitudes of Britain. She would like to see in the United Kingdom the vigorous spirit she admires in the United States, that sense of enterprise and imagination."

Thus Thatcher will press more reforms on the labor unions, including legislation that would require union leaders to stand for re-election every five years and allow union members to opt out of automatically paying dues to the Labor Party. Declining industries such as steel, coal and shipbuilding will be urged to up productivity and modernize facilities. Besides selling more state-owned companies, she will allow some private utilities to compete with public ones. And in her belief that "property induces responsibility in society," Thatcher plans to permit more tenants to buy their government-built homes.

Thatcher is likely to devote considerably more time to foreign affairs. Though she spent most of her first term immersed in her country's economic woes, the Falklands war awakened in her a fascination for international relations that has only deepened over the past year. One of her first goals is to improve relations between Britain and the European Community, partly for her country's sake but also as a way to soothe tensions within the Western alliance. As the senior Western European leader and the one with perhaps the best ties to the U.S., Thatcher feels she can be of great help. For example, it was the Prime Minister who suggested at last month's Williamsburg, Va., summit meeting that the leaders of the world's seven key industrial nations endorse the deployment of cruise and Pershing II missiles in Western Europe if no arms control agreement is reached with the Soviets by the end of the year.

Relations with the U.S. already are excellent, largely because she and President Reagan are cut from the same ideological cloth. "She's tough and smart," marvels Secretary of State George Shultz. "She's a great and determined lady who's shown us what leadership is all about." Shultz could not resist adding: "If I were married to her, I'd be sure to have dinner ready when she got home."

Thatcher would like to develop even closer ties to Washington, perhaps setting up regular meetings with Reagan. She will, of course, keep her pledge to improve Britain's nuclear deterrent by buying U.S.-built Trident missiles and accepting the deployment of U.S. cruise missiles at the Greenham Common and Molesworth airbases.

On the issue of the Falklands, Thatcher insists that the sovereignty of the islands is not negotiable and will be defended at any cost. Indeed, one of her public reprimands of Foreign Secretary Pym came when he suggested that if the Argentines were formally to declare an end to hostilities between the two countries, there could be negotiations for resuming diplomatic relations. Foreign Office advisers fear, however, that Thatcher is boxing herself in by refusing to negotiate. Protecting the Falklands now is a garrison of some 4,000 soldiers, two squadrons of jets, a nuclear submarine and half a dozen destroyers and frigates. Estimated cost of that presence this year alone: $672 million, or $373,000 per Falklander. A Gallup poll taken last February showed that 65% of the British felt that some sort of negotiations with Argentina should take place. Instead, the Prime Minister is considering promulgating a sort of Thatcher Doctrine. The policy would hold that in British outposts, such as the Falklands and Gibraltar, the views of the inhabitants would remain paramount under all circumstances.

In addition to the men who rose in last week's Cabinet shuffle, Thatcher is likely to continue to rely heavily on Norman Tebbit, the Employment Minister, who has emerged as one of her closest confidants. Tebbit thrust through legislation making secret strike ballots mandatory and regularly delivers stern calls for thrift, welfare cuts and hard work. Another Tory to watch is Michael Heseltine, the Defense Secretary, who launched a successful counterattack against the country's growing nuclear disarmament movement. His one possible drawback: he is not a Thatcherite in economics.

Many moderate Tories fear that Thatcher, having won such an impressive mandate, may now discard the caution she often displayed in her first term and let her instincts run their course. As the independent *Observer* put it: "With a very big majority, Mrs. Thatcher could get support for the kind of shifts which are close to her private instincts. Changes in penal policy, immigration policy, policy toward the welfare state, as well as the more extreme antiunion plans, are among the sensitive areas where we frankly would fear for the country." Now, with a Cabinet even more attuned to her views than the one she began with four years ago, Thatcher may have lost a helpful restraining arm. As a former Cabinet member put it: "During her first term, she allowed her head to rule her heart in the crunch. Whether in a new Cabinet of her own choosing she will allow her intellect to draw her back from the abyss is the $64 question." Thatcher, predictably, has no doubts. "I am not an extreme person, and I won't be extreme now," she said last week. "All power is a trust. We have to use our power wisely and well."

Meanwhile, her opponents will be regrouping. It is too early to write an obituary for Labor, but the party's ultimate health depends on the direction it takes in the next few months. If last week's defeat causes defiant Laborites to move farther to the left, the party's fortunes will continue to dwindle. But if Labor steers back to a more moderate course, then at least it stands a chance of reversing the decline.

That struggle is sure to be fierce, for Labor has been drifting ever leftward for at least a decade. When James Callaghan, a moderate, was Prime Minister in the late 1970s, the radicals made no overt move to dominate the party but instead methodically took over its local councils. Many of the extremists hew to Leon Trotsky's doctrine of "entrism," moving into established organizations to bring about revolutionary change.

After Callaghan lost to Thatcher in 1979, Foot became a compromise choice as party leader over Centrist Denis Healey, 65. Yet the party wound up more bitterly divided than ever. Jenkins and a score of others from Labor's right wing quit in 1981 to form the S.D.P. Since then

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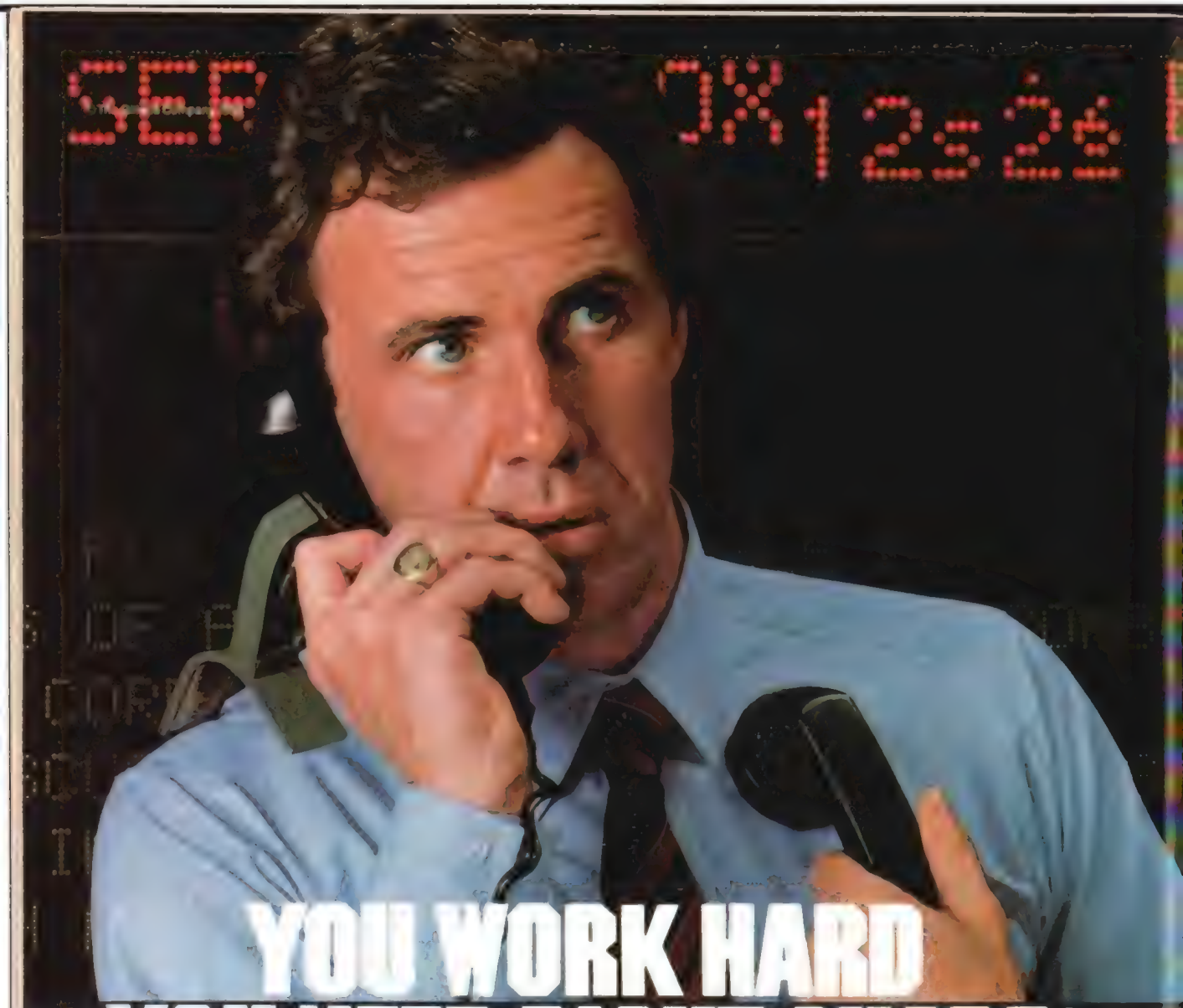

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Victory within her grasp, a wind-blown Prime Minister beams jubilantly at supporters on the Isle of Wight during the campaign's final day

Labor has been torn by disputes over a Marxist group known as the Militant Tendency, which calls for such measures as abolishing the monarchy and nationalizing all major industries, including the banks. The moderates wanted Militant Tendency members ousted from the party, but the far left insisted they remain. Though Foot last year vowed that the radicals would run on a Labor ticket "over my dead body," the group stayed, and the Labor leader ended up campaigning with their candidates. Sir Harold Wilson, voicing the frustration of many of his party colleagues at the rise of the leftist militants, bluntly criticized Foot's accommodating stand. "I would not have anything to do with them," he said flatly. "I would sling them out on their necks."

The party's direction now depends largely on who is picked to succeed Foot. Healey, whom polls show to be Labor's most popular figure, would like to make one last try for the post, but union leaders have judged him too old. Tony Benn, longtime Laborite leftist and prime architect of the party's disastrous manifesto, planned to make a run, but his unexpected loss last week knocked him out of the race. Among the remaining moderates, the leading contenders are Roy Hattersley, Labor's spokesman for domestic affairs, and Peter Shore, shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer. Hattersley, who helped negotiate Britain's entry into the Common Market, surprised many by not breaking away to join the S.D.P. Nonetheless, he has made it clear he is at odds with Labor's manifesto; for example, he opposes unilateral disarmament and would keep Britain in the Common Market. The lean, eloquent Shore is somewhat idiosyncratic; he wants the country out of the Common Market but strongly supports NATO.

Another key candidate will be Neil Kinnock, whose leftist leanings and easy candor make him just about the only leading Labor figure with support from both wings of the party. As Labor spokesman for education, he opposes private schools and wants universities open to all without competitive exams. Nonetheless, Kinnock may have a tough battle for the top spot: he is already on the hit list of party radicals angered by his vote to expel the Militant Tendency from the party.

Considering Britain's changing demographic patterns, Labor faces an uphill fight to regain pre-eminence. Even if the party does amend its policies, salvation may lie only in a Thatcher government that turns far rightward or fails to make good its promises for a healthier economy. Labor might also simply crack under the ideological strain, with one faction breaking off and setting up a new party, just as the Social Democrats did. What is certain is that the fratricide that drained Labor of its energy and public support during the past three years is far from over.

As for the Alliance, its leaders insist that despite last week's disappointing harvest of seats, the coalition is here to stay. There is no talk yet about a merger of the S.D.P. and the Liberals, but at some point, if the two groups work together well in Parliament, a marriage might be proposed. Having ended up with such a large chunk of the popular vote but so few seats in Parliament, the Alliance hopes to win support for one of the major planks in its manifesto: proportional representation, an electoral system under which seats are awarded to parties in direct ratio to their popular vote. But since Britain's current system greatly benefits the two established parties, both the Tories and Labor will surely block the S.D.P. proposal.

Polls show that Jenkins lags far behind the Liberal Party's Steel in popularity. Nonetheless, Jenkins is likely to continue as head of the Social Democrats, with the two men taking joint positions on issues in the House of Commons. S.D.P. Deputy Leader David Owen, a physician by training, who was first elected to Parliament in 1966, campaigned superbly, leading some newspapers to speculate how much better the S.D.P. might have done with him at the top instead of Jenkins. The "other David," as he is commonly called to distinguish him from Steel, would dearly love to be leader and will probably not discourage a movement to displace Jenkins.

Though it took few seats, the Alliance has much to be pleased about. Its leaders won high marks from press and public for conducting a thoughtful, positive campaign, and it showed that 7 million Britons were willing to vote for a partnership that did not exist two years ago. The Alliance may not have broken the mold of British politics, but it has surely left a few cracks. Declares an S.D.P. strategist: "We are not stopping now."

They are hardly alone. "The reason I am in politics," Margaret Thatcher once said, "is because I believe in certain things and try to put them into practice." True enough, but the Prime Minister was reelected last week not so much because of specific policies as because of her attitudes. Britons at this point seem to care more about having a strong leader than about exactly where they are led. But that can change. During her second term, the Prime Minister's task will be to prove that her policies are as winning as her style. Thatcher being Thatcher, she will resolutely do her best to make sure that it is another five, perhaps ten years before her portrait is hung on the stairway at 10 Downing Street. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Bonnie Angelo, Mary Cronin and Frank Melville/London*

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SPAIN

Looking at the Future, Not the Past

Before his visit to Washington, Felipe González speaks his mind

If a conservative tide is running in some parts of Europe, Spain certainly is bucking it. For the first time since the Civil War, Socialists are in power, having trounced a collapsing center and a regrouping right in national elections in October. Last month their popularity was confirmed in municipal elections, to the delight of Prime Minister Felipe González, who likes to say that "Spain is calm, calmer than at any time since the death of General Franco." The political honeymoon still lasts, and when the boyish 41-year-old Socialist leader flies to Washington next week on his first official visit to the U.S., he will inevitably reflect the buoyant national mood. For Spaniards, González is, above all, living proof that after only five years of self-conscious democracy, Spain can elect a Socialist government without a national upheaval or a military coup. Holding a solid majority in both houses of the Cortes, the Socialists have moreover steered a reassuringly moderate course in economic policy. Separatist Basque terrorism remains a serious problem but appears to be on the decline.

With a 12% inflation rate and unemployment at a punishing 17%, Spain is by no means without difficulties. But at every turn, González has made it clear that he does not intend to impose rash solutions. For example, he has not considered nationalizing anything more than the country's electric grid system. Nor has he been tempted to push for an expansionary economic policy along the lines of the French Socialists during their first year in power.

In foreign affairs, González has been remarkably discreet on the contentious issue of Spain's membership in NATO, which remains frozen, even though Spain's Foreign and Defense Ministers have been attending alliance meetings over the past two weeks. The most conspicuous diplomatic departure has been the Socialists' emphasis on Latin America and what the government calls the "historic Hispanic link." Accordingly, González has paid increasing attention to strife-torn Central America, where his views diverge sharply from those of the Reagan Administration. During an eight-day tour of the Dominican Republic, Colombia, Venezuela, Panama and Mexico earlier this month, González repeatedly criticized U.S. policy in the area for what he regards as its overly military-oriented approach.

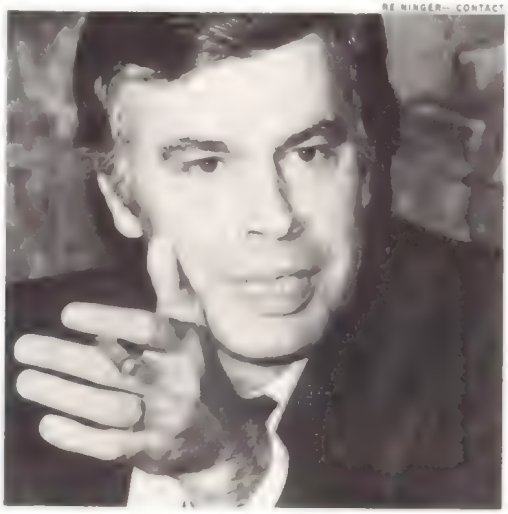
Last week, seated in a cramped but elegantly furnished office in the Cortes, González gave a wide-ranging interview to TIME's Paris bureau chief, Jordan Bonfante, and Jane Walker. Excerpts:

On Spain's mood. There is a certain dose of optimism in the country based more on realism than on false expectations. At the risk of some unpopularity, the government has carried out a policy of dealing with real problems, even with a certain amount of harshness. Our devaluation of the peseta and the increase in gasoline prices are examples. This approach has not been unpopular. Quite the contrary: what would be unpopular would be to tell the country the opposite of what is really happening.

On the economy. We are beginning to win the battle against inflation. Our target of 12% this year is going to be met, and we could even go below that. But we must be careful not to punish business profits because wage increases are going to be above 12%. I am confident that next year we can come to an agreement with unions and industry on a target increase of 8%. We are also managing to stem unemployment, but this is probably due less to the merits of the government than to the fact that the industrial crisis has touched bottom. I think that the way the peseta has been holding its own in relation to other European currencies is reassuring. I'm not referring obviously to the dollar, which is going through the clouds. We have made great efforts to contain the budget deficit, which gives us hope from the macroeconomic point of view.

However, we still have to perform the most difficult task: a basic overhaul of the economy based on industrial restructuring and reforms in the social security system. As for comparisons between the French and Spanish Socialist governments, there are quite a lot of differences. The change in France, with a solidly consolidated democracy, signified an alternation between left and right. In Spain, the most important thing was that it affirmed an alternation of power in democracy. Most important, in Spain it represents a generational change. The government has an average age that places it in the post–Civil War generation. This is a sign of popular aspiration: the Spanish people wants to project itself more into the future than the past.

On Spanish expectations. We have introduced a university reform plan, and there were some protests, but nothing on the scale of the protests in France. In this respect I think that Spanish society has a greater intellectual virginity. The citizens want the problems solved in general, but they have no preconceived notion of how they should be solved. They just want them solved.



On Spanish membership in NATO. It has always seemed to me that it is unnecessary for Spain to belong to NATO. It's not good for our country or advisable from a global viewpoint. That is why I support the status quo as it was a year and a half ago [before Spain joined NATO]. That does not mean that Spain will not assume its share of responsibility in Western defense, because we continue to have a bilateral [base] agreement with the U.S. There will be a referendum [on NATO] when we have completed our determination of our national needs, and when the international climate is such that the [East-West] balance would not be upset.

On Central America. Either the U.S. must have a strategy for the year 2000 or we run the grave risk of living through explosions of right- or left-wing authoritarianism. This requires that the weight of the U.S. must have a positive rather than a negative character. The Americans can say that the Panama Canal is vital to U.S. [security], and no one is going to argue with them. However, for the Panamanian or the Costa Rican in the street that does not justify the price of hegemonic domination by national oligarchies. One cannot say that what is happening in Central America is a fight between Communism and democracy because the Somozas ruled for 40 years, with very good friends in the U.S.

In the face of the warlike Nicaragua-Honduras tension and of the dramatic internal situation in El Salvador, one must try for a dialogue of peace. Peace is not going to solve all the problems, but it is a *sine qua non* for resolving them. Following pacification, there must be support for pluralism and for elections. Finally, even this will be insufficient without social justice. It is a plan that should be developed and supported by all the countries of the region, by Western Europe and by the U.S. ■

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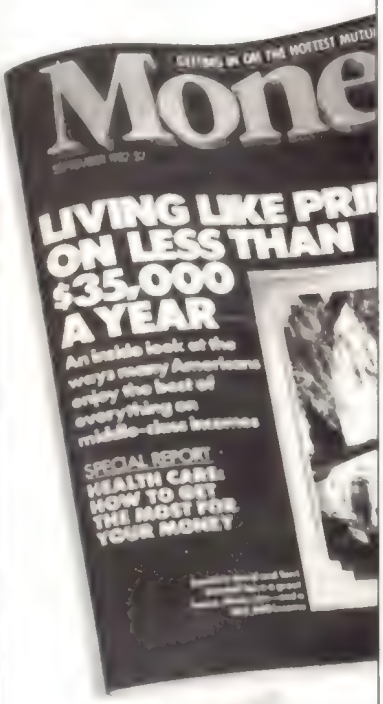

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SOUTH AFRICA

Hard Line

Three hangings spark a furor

Ten minutes after a chilly dawn at Pretoria's Central Prison, five men stepped up to five gallows, accompanied only by a hangman, a physician and a prison official. At a signal from the official, the hangman pulled a single lever, springing five trapdoors. Church bells tolled in the black ghetto of Soweto 40 miles away, while cries of anguish and indignation reverberated around the world.

Two of the men executed were common murderers. The others—Thello S. Mogoerane, 23; Jerry Mosololi, 25; and Marcus Motaung, 27—were guerrillas of the outlawed African National Congress (ANC), the black resistance movement dedicated to toppling South Africa's white supremacist government. Despite ANC claims that the trio deserved to be treated as prisoners of war for their part in attacks that killed four policemen in 1979 and 1981, the South African courts handed down criminal convictions. In the international outcry that followed the convictions, the European Community, the United Nations Security Council, more than 50 U.S. Congressmen and Senators, and hundreds of other groups and individuals sent pleas to Pretoria for clemency.

South African courts have condemned to death eleven ANC members since the congress formed its military wing in 1961. Last week's hangings were the first since 1979, however, when ANC Member Solomon Mahlangu was executed for his role in a Johannesburg gunfight in which two whites were killed. The executions emphasize South Africa's hard antiterrorism line in the aftermath of an ANC bomb attack on air force headquarters in Pretoria last month. The blast killed 19 people and injured 200.

The government last week commuted the death sentences of three other ANC guerrillas on the ground that their attacks had caused no fatalities. But that show of moderation was all but eclipsed by the hangings, which were a grim reminder to South Africa's 21 million blacks of the glaring inequities in the country's justice: of the 100 people executed in South Africa last year, only one was white.

Indeed, far from deterring ANC activities, the hangings are likely to bring increased violence. This week marks the seventh anniversary of the riots that began in Soweto in June 1976 over a government regulation requiring the use of the Afrikaans language in the schools. Over a period of 16 months, 700 people died. Amid the heightened racial tensions accompanying that anniversary, many South African blacks will be mindful of the message sent by the mother of Jerry Mosololi on the eve of his death: "Go well, my son. You must know the struggle will not end even after your death." ■

New Party Boss Brian Mulroney

CANADA

Upset in Ottawa

A new Conservative leader

For three days, eight candidates for leadership of Canada's Progressive Conservative Party pressed the flesh and corralled supporters in Ottawa's cavernous Civic Center. Most party insiders were predicting a victory for former Prime Minister Joe Clark. But by late afternoon, rumors of an upset were rife. Sure enough, after balloting stretched into Saturday night, the weary conventioneers finally rejected Clark in favor of Brian Mulroney, 44, a Quebec lawyer and business executive long active in party affairs. Mulroney has never run for office, but he will lead the Tories against the ruling Liberal Party in national elections that must be held by March 1985.

Resolution of the leadership struggle comes as a welcome relief to the problem-plagued Conservatives. In the past 20 years the party has been in power only briefly, after Clark unseated Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's Liberals in 1979. But that fledgling Tory government fell after only 6½ months, the victim of Clark's brash style and unpopular austerity measures. Although Clark continued as Tory leader until stepping down in January to allow last week's convention, he was dogged by a reputation as a loser, and the party was torn by internecine squabbling.

Now, however, it is the Liberals who are in trouble. Since regaining his office from Clark, Trudeau has grappled unsuccessfully with Canada's limping economy while unemployment has risen above 12%. Trudeau has said he would not lead his party in another election. Whoever does may be in for trouble. A recent poll indicated that only 32% of voters favor the Liberals, while 50% prefer the Tories. If the untested Mulroney holds on to that lead, he could become the next Prime Minister. ■

SOVIET UNION

Death Cruise

Horror on the Volga River

The last light of evening still glowed on the Volga River, but few passengers aboard the cruise ship *Alexander Suvorov* were paying much attention. Most of the travelers had crowded into a large room on the uppermost deck to watch a movie. They never saw the end. While navigating a narrow channel near Ulyanovsk (pop. 650,000), the river port 425 miles east of Moscow where Lenin was born, the vessel apparently rammed into a railroad bridge with such force that the entire top section of the boat was sheared off. The number of casualties is still not certain, but as many as 400 may have died.

The Soviets seldom announce airplane, train or boat accidents. Thus many Soviet television viewers were taken by surprise last week when newscasters read an official statement that the *Alexander Suvorov* had been "wrecked" the day before with "loss of life." The Kremlin also announced that First Deputy Premier and Politburo Member Geidar Aliyev was leading a commission to investigate the accident. The statement did not give any casualty figures. The following day, however, a representative from Intourist, the state travel agency, provided a few unofficial details. He speculated that the ship's pilot may have steered the boat off course or misjudged how much room he had to maneuver because the water level of the Volga was higher than usual. The official put the death toll at 170 and added that no foreigners were killed.

The *Alexander Suvorov* could carry as many as 468 passengers, so the death toll may be higher. According to another unconfirmed report, a freight train was crossing the bridge at the time of the crash and several cars toppled off, possibly crashing through to the ship's jammed upper deck. Witnesses claim that only 40 people were rescued. Said a distraught resident of Ulyanovsk: "There is great chaos in the city. People are crying in the streets." ■

AFGHANISTAN

Glimpses of a Holy War

As the Soviets launch a spring offensive, the guerrillas hang tough

Ever since Soviet tanks first rumbled across the border in December 1979, Afghanistan has been an isolated land of mystery and misery. Some 3.3 million Afghans—20% of the population—are in exile, most of them in Pakistan. But little is known of the conditions they left behind. This spring Joseph Albright, chief foreign correspondent for Cox Newspapers, and Marcia Kunstel, a freelance reporter, spent six weeks between them in separate travels through the strife-ridden nation. Their joint report for TIME:

For two hours after dawn, thunderous explosions boomed every five seconds across the Shomali region of northeast Afghanistan, as Soviet tanks and artillery fired more than 1,000 shells at suspected guerrilla hideouts. Every 15 minutes, in reply, came the resounding rattle of heavy machine-gun fire as the guerrillas aimed, in vain, at two helicopter gunships circling high above the green plains. That evening tanks could be heard clanking through the darkness. By morning they were gone.

Such were the sounds of the Soviet spring offensive, vintage 1983, perhaps the most savage assault since the invasion. There are, according to Western estimates, some 105,000 Soviet troops now in Afghanistan. Using tanks, helicopters and fighter-bombers, these forces pounded villages throughout the Shomali region. Their objective, presumably, was to obliterate guerrilla strength around the crucial 50-mile stretch of highway leading from Kabul toward the Soviet border, along which the invaders transport their supplies. Meantime, according to Western intelligence reports, Soviet bombers were attacking targets near Herat in the west and around Kandahar in the south. They apparently hope that by demolishing villages they can devastate local agriculture and drive the residents from areas that might otherwise lend support to the insurgents. As Abdul Haq, a guerrilla commander interviewed in Pakistan, points out, "Every kind of supply for the mujahedin [warriors] comes from the civilian population. It makes trouble when the villages are empty."

Whatever its wider aims, the offensive failed to squelch the guerrillas, who number anywhere from 100,000 to 200,000. Bolstered by their religious zeal—and, more practically, by a flow of arms and supplies from abroad—they are grimly determined to rid their homeland of the hated invader. "The Islamic faith is the force behind our jihad [holy war]," says Rebel Unit Commander Mohammed Anwar. "If we thought this was an ordinary battle, we could not fight the Soviets.

In the heat of battle: a guerrilla attack lights up the night sky over Kabul

Along the sidelines: rebels scramble down a rocky hillside toward a government target

Photographs for TIME by Aral/Flandrin/Reza—Sipa/Black Star

A column of Soviet soldiers jog through a camp established amid the rubble of a shattered Afghan village

ALBRIGHT—COX

They could destroy Afghanistan in two hours. But if we believe God has promised us victory because we are right, it becomes quite feasible." That determination has won some battles. Only last week one Western analyst claimed that guerrillas killed some 200 government soldiers during a three-day battle, while forcing the rest of the unit to desert. Elsewhere, one young fighter claimed to have knocked out two Soviet tanks in a single day; another boasted that on the same day he had killed five enemy soldiers. Declared a guerrilla radio operator named Mirojadeen: "We will fight until our blood runs out—ten, 20, 100 years."

Sadly, the guerrillas also fight vehemently among themselves. The Soviet invasion has sparked friction between ethnic Tajiks and ethnic Pushtuns and thrown gasoline on centuries-old feuds between Shi'ite Muslims and Sunni Muslims, and between pro-Iranian Shi'ites and independent Shi'ites. The guerrilla movement is thus fragmented into hundreds of units organized along village lines, each loosely affiliated with one of the six major resistance groups. Based in Pakistan, the leaders of most of those groups are quite unable to control events at the front. The divisions are so deep, moreover, that in the absence of a foreign enemy, Afghanistan might be plunged into civil war.

For the moment, the Soviet strategy has tipped the scales in Moscow's favor. Largely as a result of widespread devastation—which has brought high prices in the wake of shortages of labor, fuel, fertilizer and seed—Afghanistan's agriculture is fast deteriorating. According to one estimate, wheat production was five times greater in 1978 than it was last year. In the Logar province and in isolated villages around the country, entire settlements have been reduced to ghost towns.

One such tragedy took place in the medium-size farming community of Dasht-e-Rivat (pop. 1,800 in the past), many of whose inhabitants fled on the third day of bombing in April 1982. Scrambling up a goat path into the 14,000-ft. mountains along the southern edge of the Hindu Kush, the fugitives took nothing with them but thin clothing, a little bread and some dried mulberry flour. For 40 days they hid behind boulders and in mountain caves. Each night it snowed; each day they saw Soviet planes bomb and strafe the valley below. The fatalities included 40 adults and about 70 children—20 having died from the bombings and as many as 50 from the cold or hunger. Perhaps 1,200 refugees trekked for 27 days over seven high mountain ranges before reaching safety in a Pakistani refugee camp.

Watching for the *Shuravi*

Some semblance of normal life has now returned to Dasht-e-Rivat. Farmers can be seen working the fields with wooden plows; young men mix straw and mud to patch bomb holes. One sagging roof is propped up by an unexploded Soviet bomb. But in villages like Jakdalag, 30 miles east of Kabul, the relentless assault upon civilians has taken its toll on the guerrillas. The deserted settlement is pockmarked with bomb craters and littered with spent shells, some measuring 10 ft. in length. Since bombs first began tearing the community apart three years ago, all its farmers and all but one of its 400 families have left. Rebels now sleep in blankets on the dirt floors amid mangled stoves and the carcasses of homes. They are forced to spend less time on training than on tending scant wheat crops or washing clothes. "I've told the freedom fighters to start cultivating and doing farm work," sighs Mohammed Anwar, while making bread. "But it is difficult when mujahedin must do this too."

Yet members of the only remaining family, that of the village's Muslim law judge, are uncompromising. Says Shababubu, the judge's wife: "When the [Afghan] army came, they said, 'You belong in America or Pakistan.' I said, 'No. We are Muslims. We will stay. You belong in the Soviet Union.' " Her brother-in-law Lolgul held the departed villagers in special contempt: "All the village is afraid of bombardment. Only a few stayed. Dirty people, frightened people left."

The insurgents are fired by a religious conviction that is equally immovable. Prayer is routine; liquor is forbidden. Communism is often disparagingly linked to atheism. One aged nomad confessed to liking Americans because "they have a book," the Bible. Often a rebel will cradle prayer beads in his hand while toting a Kalashnikov on his shoulder. Even relatively sophisticated guerrillas remain quietly optimistic. According to Farouq

Guerrillas cross treacherous waters while traveling between camps

Trophies of rebel success: a smashed power line and a blasted Soviet tank

Azam, political director of an alliance of relatively moderate guerrilla groups, the rebels' tenacious resistance has altered the geopolitical balance of power in the region: "Before the war, Pakistan was not able to get $500,000 [in Western aid]. Now it is not happy with $500 million." The appraisal of Commander Abdul Haq is equally hopeful: "We do not say we will destroy the entire Soviet army. But we can make trouble for them. If outside nations really push them, and if we continue fighting for a very long time, maybe the Soviet Union will change its mind."

That kind of conviction has won the rebels widespread support among their compatriots. The war is a sporadic thing in most of the country, and the guerrillas spend much of their time chatting over tea or working in the fields. As soon as bombs explode in their region, however, they can usually mobilize every suitable male. Since nearly all schools in the rural areas are closed—the government claims that guerrillas were killing teachers, and the guerrillas contend that the Soviets bombed some schools and ordered the government to close others—many guerrilla recruits are teen-agers motivated by hatred for the *Shuravi* (Soviets).

The youths can prove valuable, and occasionally dangerous. Some have been recruited by KhAD, the Afghan secret police, to provide information on guerrilla activities. More frequently, they serve the mujahedin. Since they are allowed to cross Soviet checkpoints if they are unarmed, they can carry messages, procure supplies and cause some damage. Last year one ten-year-old reportedly stole across Soviet lines and planted a mine between two enemy camps, one Soviet and one Afghan. When a Soviet soldier stepped on it the following day, his foot was blown off. His outraged companions blamed their allies.

The insurgents receive a limited but steady flow of arms smuggled over the mountain passes from Pakistan by hand and by horseback. (Guerrillas are routinely expected to carry a rifle and 500 cartridges for 24 hours without rest.) Most of the weapons are leftovers from Soviet military aid programs in Egypt and China, given to the mujahedin by the governments of those countries. They generally include Soviet-made Kalashnikov rifles, bazookas and portable antitank rocket launchers (RPG-7s). Against Soviet air attacks the rebels have only a few ZPU-1 14.5-mm machine guns and hundreds of 12.7-mm DShK heavy machine guns identical to those discovered in blasted Soviet tanks

The clandestine pipeline also carries more sophisticated equipment. Among the instruments recently spotted: a walkie-talkie with instructions in English, supplied, claims a guerrilla radio operator, by the CIA; high-powered range finders for rocket launchers; and silencers for automatic pistols. Some costs are reportedly shouldered by an international consortium that includes the U.S. and Saudi Ara-

bia. Nevertheless, Western diplomats in the Pakistani capital of Islamabad believe that the U.S. Government has refused to provide heavy artillery in deference to Pakistan's wish that the fighting be limited.

Since the rebels lack transportation, heavy equipment and medicine, they must rely on resilience and resourcefulness. Their principal aim is to stem the tide of refugees. Along the exit route in the Panjshir Valley, for example, they check the papers of every would-be emigrant, turning back those without appropriate mujahedin documentation. In battle, the rebels specialize in bushwhacking tank columns, raiding army garrisons, blowing up power lines and assassinating members of the KhAD. Using Soviet land mines fished out of the ground with wooden pitchforks, they destroyed at least twelve enemy tanks in the Panjshir Valley last year. "We destroy their tanks in such a way that they cannot find the pieces," gloats Insurgent Strategist Mohammed es'Haq. "It has a good psychological effect."

Mujahedin special commandos in training

The lord of the Panjshir Valley is unquestionably the charismatic commander Ahmad Shah Massoud. A former engineering student, Massoud, 29, has remained in Afghanistan and worked tirelessly to galvanize support. He has managed to mobilize virtually all 100,000 inhabitants of the valley, while collecting his own taxes, running his own schools and organizing his own food-rationing scheme. He has even used captured Soviet trucks to establish daily bus service in the valley. Massoud is also prudent enough to avoid needless risks. He travels with four gun-wielding bodyguards and packs a 9-mm automatic under his jacket. In order to elude the KhAD, he sleeps in a different house each night

The 75-mile-long valley is a monument to his efforts. Around it are strewn the remains of 17 Soviet tanks, 29 trucks, a dozen helicopters and planes and, guerrillas claim, 1,000 Soviet soldiers. Green Islamic flags mark the graves of 180 slain rebels. In March, however, Massoud unexpectedly reached a private, temporary cease-fire with the Soviet military command in Kabul. Soviet troops withdrew from Rokha in the central Panjshir; they were allowed to maintain a base in Anawa provided they did not come into contact with locals. The agreement alarmed even some of Massoud's admirers. Says Mohammed Anwar: "If there is no fighting in the Panjshir, it is bad for all Afghanistan. It means that there are more Soviet soldiers to go elsewhere."

Such dissension is the last thing that the already faction-ridden guerrilla forces need. As it is, a bitter vendetta separates the two most powerful guerrilla groups, the Hizbe-Islami (Islamic Party) and the Jamiat-I-Islami (Islamic Association). Both are composed of fundamentalist Sunni Muslims, yet neither will join with the other. Thus, while the rebels guarantee safe passage to most captured government defectors (10,000 a year by one estimate), they continue to foil one another. Last fall, for example, the Hizbe troops confiscated ammunition belonging to the Jamiat forces. Each side also accuses the other of harboring collaborators, and both may be right. Western intelligence analysts claim that the brightest graduates of the Afghan military academy are sometimes sent to infiltrate guerrilla-held villages disguised as deserters.

Meanwhile, the flood of refugees continues, even though the monthly rate has shrunk from a high of 120,000 during the war's early stages, to 8,000 this year. Most of those who have fled the country live in squalid Pakistani camps, but find that their basic needs are met. Cushioned by international aid totaling $1.5 million a day, they are assured of steady food, shelter, medicine and a monthly cash stipend of around $3.80 per person. In addition there are schools for children, a rare luxury in Afghanistan.

Pakistani President Mohammed Zia al-Haq has repeatedly declared that the camps are only a temporary haven. Repatriation, however, would require a negotiated political settlement, and that possibility seems remote. Meanwhile, to millions of Afghans, subsistence in the camps seems preferable to misery at home. In that sense the cause of the mujahedin has weakened, though not decisively. "The Soviets would have to double or triple their forces to crush the rebels," says one Western analyst with access to intelligence reports. So the war drags on, making the determination of the insurgents seem as forlorn as it is fierce. Back in Jakdalag, Shababubu, the judge's wife, innocently looks forward to seeing her departed friends. "After Afghanistan's liberation," she says, "all the people will come back." She will have a long wait. ■

Guerrillas summarily execute a self-professed deserter who had been exposed, during interrogation, as a government spy

Words of Courage and Comfort

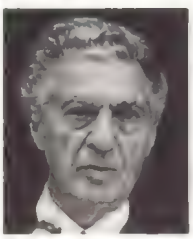
Commencement speakers assess a world of uncertainties

Addressing the 1,378,400 members of this year's college graduating class, the largest in U.S. history, speakers across the land have warned of the dangers of nuclear war, reaffirmed the need to maintain high standards in life and pondered the challenges of adjusting to a high-tech tomorrow. Bucknell University President Dennis O'Brien was among those who offered comforting words for young people entering a world of increasing complexity. He told the graduates at Wilkes College in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., "You go forth now into careers, into a world of performance, of doing tasks, of keeping up with computers, but don't worry that your humanity will ever be made obsolete. Humanity's value is that it not only performs, it enjoys knowledge of the world."

Excerpts from some other notable commencement speeches:

Lee Iacocca

Ann Beattie



Sol Linowitz

John Lehman

Terry Sanford

David McCullough

Mario Cuomo

Elizabeth Dole

Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor: "Our free-enterprise economic system is still the best there is. America still has the people and the resources to be a world-beater. The only thing we seem to be missing is the determination that once pushed America to great heights. That's where you folks come in. I want you to get mad about the current state of affairs. I want you to get so mad that you kick your elders in their figurative posteriors and move America off dead center. Our nation was born when 56 patriots got mad enough to sign the Declaration of Independence. We put a man on the moon because Sputnik made us mad at being No. 2 in space. Getting mad in a constructive way is good for the soul—and the country."

Former Ambassador Sol Linowitz at Haverford College in Haverford, Pa.: "There is no security for anyone in a world in which more than half the people live in want or in fear of want. The people of this earth know that there is more to living than disease, hunger, indignity and prejudice, and whether it be in our cities or in other countries, they mean to have their fair share of the earth's bounties. We must create conditions in which people can fulfill their destiny as human beings and can stand erect and with dignity as children of God—starting with our own fellow citizens here at home."

Duke University President Terry Sanford at Emory University in Atlanta: "Our President publicly proclaims that the Soviet Union is the 'evil empire,' and snarls at its leaders. The Soviet leaders respond in kind. That is why most of the people of the world see the United States and the Soviet Union as the two superpowers to be feared. The end mission of the people of the United States is not to build an armed camp to face the other armed camps of the world. And yet that is what we are doing. We can do better than that. We should not be slamming doors in the faces of the Soviet Union and China. We should be promoting massive programs of cultural, commercial and education exchange, as well as commerce and tourism."

New York Governor Mario Cuomo at Barnard College in New York City: "The liberation of women from the stereotypes and narrow possibilities that have bound their lives is one of the great movements of this century or of any other, an expansion of the concept of our human dignity and of our worth. One-half of the human race is waking to claim its birthright. The full participation of women in our national life—in our courts, capitols, boardrooms, precinct houses, theaters and universities—will flood this country with new energy and imagination and genius."

Author Ann Beattie at American University in Washington, D.C.: "I graduated from American University 14 years ago. We were all concerned about the atrocity of Viet Nam, and the men I went to college with had to face the fact that they would have to go and then possibly be blown away. The threat of a nuclear holocaust actually allows us only to be passive: there is no exact and sure terrain. That there is not even a way to estimate how much of the world might be scorched acts as a refrain to whatever we do. Viet Nam was 'over there.' This is 'everywhere.' My guess is that now the fear quotient is greater and that in response to a horror we can find no limits to, people appear passive, and that this passivity is mistaken for conservatism."

Secretary of the Navy John Lehman at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md.: "We have had a true sea change of historic proportions in our nation. In a few short years the self-doubt, the post–Viet Nam syndrome of negativism, of antimilitarism, of loss of faith, have been transformed. Traditional American values are no longer held up to ridicule. But more important, America has turned once again to its military to set standards of integrity and excellence and to restore American security and confidence in a very threatening world."

Historian David McCullough, author of *The Great Bridge*, at Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs, N.Y.: "If you could pick the Brooklyn Bridge up and turn it over, you'd see stamped there MADE IN THE U.S.A. It was built by people who had a profound self-regard, which they expressed through their work. Two great points were made by John A. Roebling, the designer of the bridge. The first was 'that this greatest of bridges will not only be the greatest engineering work of the continent and of the age, it will be a work of art.' And secondly, 'It will last forever, as a testament to the community which builds it.' It is an expression of ourselves, he is saying, and we mean it to last."

Secretary of Transportation Elizabeth Dole at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Va.: "I could hardly leave today without issuing my own invitation to each of you to become involved in the joy of public service. The panoply of American democracy, contentious and colorful as it is, remains the best way to make life better and thus, to me, by far the best way to

make a living. So I ask you to become partisans for democracy and to embrace change with all its uncertainty and all its potential for abuse. I ask you to manage it well and to make it fit within unchanging values and lasting truths."

TV Anchorwoman Jessica Savitch at Columbia College in Columbia, S.C.: "I very often receive letters from young women wanting a job in broadcasting. The job that they want is mine. Many of the young women who write want to make a million dollars. These women don't want to be broadcast journalists; these women want to be rich. As a reporter, I have had a chance to observe people at the top of just about every field. And it makes no difference if they are male or female, black or white, old or young, the people I observed succeeding are those who have been taught or who teach themselves to strive for excellence. The pleasure comes from knowing you have done a job the best way you know how. It seems to me, however, in our modern society that there is very little done these days in pursuit of excellence. But whatever there is, it stands out for its rarity."

Historian John Hope Franklin at the University of North Carolina, Charlotte: "I am certain that you have followed with interest the activities of our country in Poland and Central America, as it set out to protect the rights of the peoples of those countries. But I hope that you have also reserved some of your energies and resources to do something about the denials and violations of human rights in your own communities. One suspects that the most effective way to do battle for human rights in Poland, Central America or wherever, is to do battle for them here."

Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, Archbishop of Chicago, at the University of Notre Dame in South Bend, Ind.: "I urge Notre Dame to be in the forefront of peacemaking studies. What better way would there be to take seriously Jesus' mandate: Blessed are the peacemakers! Addressing the contemporary questions of peace and war in a scholarly fashion and in the context of our Christian teaching and tradition would be a great service both to the Catholic community and the wider society. Another important agent in this task of shaping a community of conscience is you. I urge you to lend your own voice to the discussion. You do this, of course, more by example than by word. The church's witness is really your witness because the church's witness is tied to the integrity and the quality of life of its members. So how you live your lives, the priority you give to the values of the Gospel, will speak loudly and make a tremendous difference in the future."

Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. at San Diego State University: "We cannot acquiesce in the drift toward Armageddon. For the stake is supreme: it is the fate of humanity itself. Let me say at once that the answer to the arms race is not unilateral nuclear disarmament. The renunciation of nuclear weapons by the West would place the democratic world at the mercy of Soviet Communism. History has proven beyond all argument that mercy is not a salient characteristic of any Communist regime. Neither the arms race nor unilateral disarmament holds out hope. What we must do rather is to revive the art of diplomacy."

Jessica Savitch

Gilbert Grosvenor

John Hope Franklin

George Bush

Cardinal Bernardin

Maya Angelou

Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

Lech Walesa

Gilbert Grosvenor, president, National Geographic Society, at George Washington University's Graduate School of Arts and Sciences: "I think of J.R.R. Tolkien. The year is 1926. He sits in his study at Oxford correcting a student's thesis. The student had, for some reason, left a page blank. When Tolkien came to it, he picked up his pen and wrote on the blank page: 'In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit.' Thus launched one of the great literary careers of our century. He was asked why he had done that, and he replied: 'It popped into my head.' No machine, no electronic wizardry, can replace the single act of creation, the inspired moment that arrives in its own time, at its own speed, and from its own, unknown source. It is what drives all the rest. Regardless of how technology increases the speed, the volume and the nature of communication, the value of the content—the very essence—will begin and end with the creative personality."

Vice President George Bush at Furman University in Greenville, S.C.: "The guerrillas [in El Salvador] hope that if they can keep this horrible war going on long enough, well-meaning but misguided people will call for negotiations to bring out what is euphemistically known as power sharing. Well, we've tried that in the past. When the Sandinistas first came to power in Nicaragua, this country was extremely generous in its support. We hoped that the revolutionary government would live up to its promise to institute democracy and pluralism. But they failed to keep every promise they made. So we know what happens when you try to share power with Communists. How can we in good conscience force the same arrangement on the Salvadorans?"

Poet Maya Angelou at Spelman College in Atlanta: "Congratulations to you. You are phenomenal. The reason you are phenomenal is because you come from a phenomenal people. When you get into the marketplace, whether it is the academic world or the industrial, or business, corporate or the arts, it is wise to remember where you come from. And then you can use your past as the mirror so that you can see yourself. You have come well from a very healthy, a lusty people, a people loving life and loving love. When you need to see yourself, you must see who you bring onto the stage with you. Take everybody on the stage with you all the time. Everyone who has ever loved you, take them with you."

Lech Walesa, founder of Poland's Solidarity movement, turned down Harvard University's invitation to address its graduates out of fear that the Warsaw government would not allow him to return home. President Derek Bok read portions of Walesa's speech, which had been delivered to the U.S. embassy in Warsaw and sent on to Harvard. "Almost daily I receive letters from unknown friends in your country, cards with wishes and expressions of good cheer. I have pondered what could link people living in such different political and social systems and so far from each other. What could link workers of the Gdansk shipyard and the scholarly community of Harvard University? I believe that this emotional closeness is based on a system of shared fundamental values. Their source is not hard to find; it is contained in every copy of the Bible. The workers starting the strike and the process of transformation did not refer to the classics of Marxism-Leninism. They referred to the simplest natural rights due man upon his very birth. I believe that it is precisely such ideals which unite us, the people in America and Poland." ■

Broad-Shouldered, Like Chicago

Ron Kittle of the White Sox aims a good deal beyond the fences

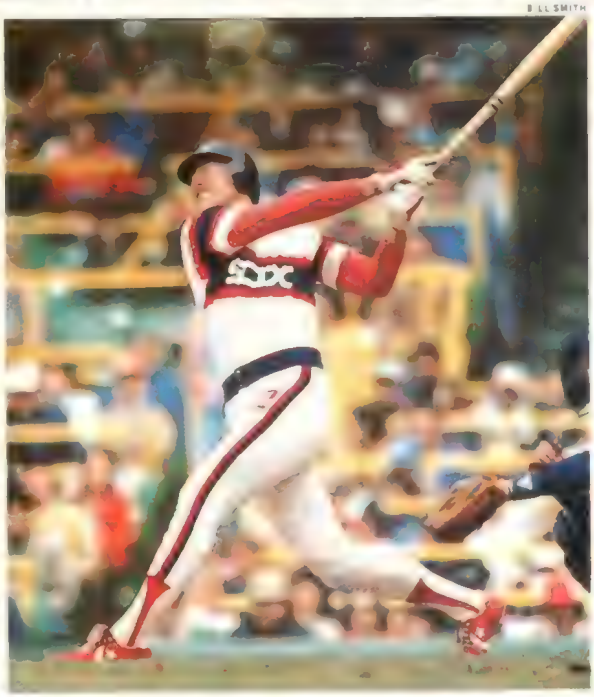
Chicago, a city not overrun with heroes, is embracing a new candidate, a long-ball hitter named Ronald Dale Kittle, who has been stunning the American League. He is close to home-grown, coming from 25 miles away in Gary, Ind., where his father is an ironworker. After failing with the Los Angeles Dodgers at 20, the son also walked the skeletons of buildings for a while. Kittle is constructed on the order of a building: long lines and sharp angles, 6 ft. 4 in. tall, a look of granite. He is like Chicago.

Billy Pierce, the ideal White Sox pitcher of the 1950s, rediscovered him on a sand lot. Kittle was playing semipro baseball, after a day's heavy work, for a Chicago team identified beguilingly as AHEPA, which, even some of the players forget, stands for the American Hellenic Educational Progressive Association. Any White Sox scout might have found Kittle, but the fact that it was Pierce means something to South Siders, who are also pleased to recall that it was Peg-Legged Bill Veeck who signed the young slugger. For Veeck still owned the team in 1978 and was presiding at Comiskey Park on the famous September day when Ron Kittle came to try out.

In a scene from *Damn Yankees*, Kittle played Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, Mo., hitting so many batting-practice homers that witnesses now insist the hits were all homers and five of them landed in the upper deck. He was packed off smartly to the minor leagues. The only question: Why had Kittle hit so poorly in the Dodger organization? The answer was that he had a broken neck. That is, without realizing it, he had two crushed vertebrae that pinched a nerve in his neck and numbed his right arm. On his own he underwent a spinal fusion in 1978. How Kittle was injured is still unknown. "But it must have been playing baseball," he says, "because I don't remember being hit by a car." This is how he talks.

Just swinging a bat could have done it, the way Kittle swings it. In a Double A league at Glens Falls, N.Y., two years ago, Kittle had 40 home runs; at Edmonton, Alta., in Triple A ball last year, he hit 50 homers, two in one inning. Over the two seasons, Kittle amassed 90 home runs, 247 runs batted in and a composite batting average of .336. At 25, he reached the major leagues this year to some acclaim.

For two months now the rookie has been on or near the American League lead in home runs, the first player to harvest a dozen. According to Charlie Lau, distinguished batting theorist of the White Sox, Kittle has yet to hit a home run that is merely a home run. "They're all emphatically home runs," Lau says emphatically. "Ron is strong, but he doesn't 'muscle' the swing. It's rhythmic, natural. In his mind, I think he's just so sure he can hit, the pitchers can strike him out, make him look foolish, and there's still that trace of a smile. He knows he's going to get them." Tony LaRussa, the manager, says, "You can't tell looking at Kittle after the game whether he struck out three times or had three hits. And he's played at least an average left field every night, sometimes above average."



B. L. SMITH

Just a big friendly lug who likes to see the ball fly out of the yard

"Going into Fenway, you can't help but think of Ted Williams."

Kittle is a big friendly lug, accommodating (the promotions department is thunderstruck at how cheerfully available Kittle is for supermarket openings) but direct. The first week of the season, immediately after his first gargantuan homer, Kittle was asked if he had been surprised, and he replied, "Should I have been surprised?" Someone wondered why he wore spectacles, not contact lenses. Kittle said, "I'm not that crazy about sticking my finger in my eye." So far, the major leagues hold no chill for him. "It's about what I expected, the same old baseball game. I'll admit I was looking around Yankee Stadium during batting practice and almost got hit in the head. I was thinking of Mickey Mantle. Going into Fenway Park the first time, I guess you can't help but think of Ted Williams. But when you get down to it, they're still ballparks, and I like to see the ball fly out of the yard."

Stepping up to home plate, Kittle stirs a buzz of anticipation that signals the possibility not just of a homer but of a huge one. "A lot of times I don't hear anything out there," he says, "and sometimes I hear everything, hear guys spitting. But that sound at the plate can make me think of the fan who maybe comes to one game a year. If you hit a home run that game, maybe he'll like you and follow you."

This season several rookies have been acquiring followers, including Baltimore Centerfielder John Shelby, who is batting around .300, and Pitchers Craig McMurtry (7-2, 2.88 earned run average) of Atlanta and Matt Young (7-4, 2.14) of Seattle. Though he is hitting only .179 with three home runs for the Mets, Darryl Strawberry's promise has made him a celebrity in New York City. Greg Brock, obliged to replace Steve Garvey at first base for the Dodgers, is batting scarcely .240 but has eleven home runs. Kittle's average has held at around .270, while he has been at the head of the league not only in home runs but runs batted in.

Kittle is proud to have hit .345 for the Edmonton Trappers last year, though averages have never warmed his cockles as much as the sight of a ball in flight. "I always followed the home-run hitters, anybody who could yank the ball out of the park," he says. "In Little League, I was the same size as the other kids. But I always had the heaviest bat." Never one for watching a game if he could be playing another, Kittle followed his heroes in the agate type, "checking out the box scores, looking for the guys who hit the homers." He says, "It's nice to be one of them now."

Of course, he is regularly advised that the pitchers will solve him the next time around, the same warning he heard in Edmonton. "As soon as you get a few home runs anywhere," Kittle says, "you don't see too many fastballs any more. The pitchers will challenge you with whatever is their best pitch. I'll just try to drive it as hard as I can in any direction." For instance, the Sears Tower. That's a good direction.

—By Tom Callahan

People

Moore standing tall with Anton, backstage at Carnegie Hall

They didn't laugh when he sat down at the Steinway, but then for a change, they weren't supposed to. Last week **Dudley Moore,** 48, made his Carnegie Hall debut as a full-dress, classical pianist. Joining his friend, Violinist **Robert Mann,** 62, Cellist **Nathaniel Rosen,** 36, and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra under the baton of Conductor-Violinist **Pinchas Zukerman,** 34, Moore offered a sensitive, well-paced performance of Beethoven's *Triple Concerto*. And he played it straight, until the very end. Then, just before heading offstage for a congratulatory hug from his longtime squeeze, **Susan Anton,** 32, he reverted to the depths of British music hall humor. Turning his back to the audience, Moore impishly flipped the tails of his jacket in the air as he bade Carnegie Hall adieu.

Friendships do not always grow well in the glittery sand of show biz. But Actresses **Nastassia Kinski,** 22, and **Jodie Foster,** 20, have become chums despite the glare. After meeting at an **Aretha Franklin** concert a year and a half ago, Occasional Journalist Foster, a junior at Yale, took up recorder and notebook for a Q. and A. dialogue with Kinski that ran, seemingly forever, in *Interview* magazine. They are reunited for the film adaptation of **John Irving's** *Hotel New Hampshire*, and the friendship continues. Luckily. The script calls for Kinski—who in the film spends the better part of two reels cooped up in a bear costume—to share a love scene with Foster in which they briefly kiss. "It seemed like an extension of our deep friendship," says Nastassia, "although we both joked about it later."

Kinski and Foster on the set of *Hotel New Hampshire*

Some clues: the culprit (or lucky fellow, depending on how one looks at it) was a member of Britain's '70s Labor government and is still an influential M.P. He is married, has a daughter and is described as being like a "bear," with a shock of dark, tumbling hair. Finally, "Gerry" as he is referred to, is missing the tip of the little finger of his left hand. Such are the telltale hints dropped by Actress **Shirley MacLaine,** 49, in her recent autobiography *Out on a Limb*, describing a gent she once had an affair with. Her enigmatic references to Gerry have kicked off, in the land of Sherlock Holmes and Miss Marple, a full-blown, real-life mystery. Labor Leader **Michael Foot,** 69, denied any role in the affair. So did **David Owen,** 44, **Tony Benn,** 58, and **Peter Shore,** 59, who last week all raised their pinkies in emphatic, if somewhat wistful, denial of ever having had anything to do with MacLaine. Then she allowed that perhaps she did some Gerrymandering of the clues to conceal her ex-lover's identity. So still high on the list of suspects is **Andrew Peacock,** 44, a dashing member of Australia's last Conservative government, who is a longstanding friend of the actress. MacLaine now considers all the fuss a bother. "Affairs of state," she told a pack of sleuthing British reporters, "are more important than the state of my affairs."

■

In France, where tennis champions have been as scarce as courteous taxi drivers, **Yannick Noah,** 23, has become the most talked about addition to center court since **René Lacoste** first stitched a crocodile onto a cotton shirt. In the finals of the French Open, Noah defeated Swedish Ace **Mats Wilander,** 18, the defending champion, 6-2, 7-5, 7-6. Delirious fans overflowed onto the court as he became the first Frenchman to win the tournament since 1946. (Noah was born in France and raised in the former French African territory of Cameroon.) Dampening Yannick's win only slightly was a 42-day suspension and $20,000 fine from the International Tennis Federation for his refusal to participate in a scheduled tournament last month. The punishment was stiff, but nowhere near as harsh as the one levied last week against Argentine **Guillermo Vilas,** 31, who drew a year's suspension for accepting money simply to show up for a tournament in Rotterdam.

—By E. Graydon Carter

Noah: a French Open victory

Vilas: a year's suspension

Down to the Finish Line

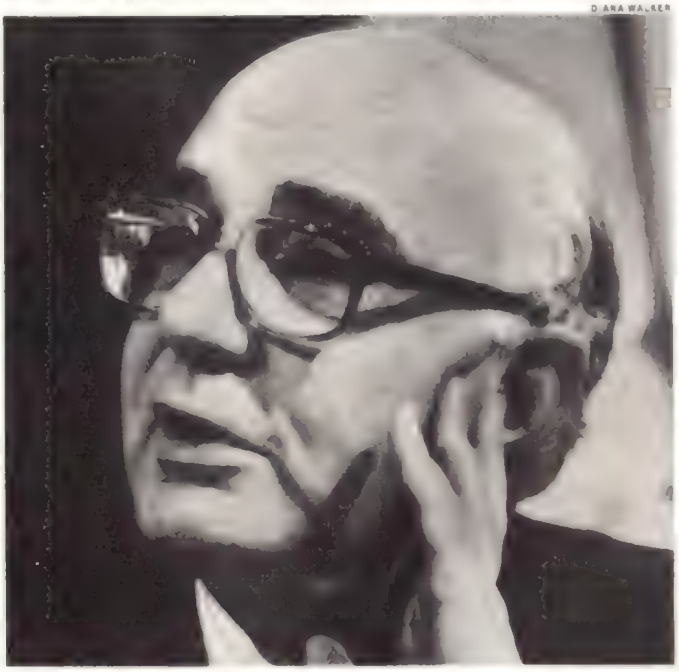
It looks as if Volcker will remain Federal Reserve Chairman

The quiet jockeying for position in the race for new chairman of the Federal Reserve is getting a little more noisy and a little less crowded. The White House has finally begun to consider seriously the question of a successor to Chairman Paul A. Volcker, 55, whose four-year term expires in August. And while no final decision was made last week, Volcker became the odds-on favorite to succeed himself. The only other serious contender is Alan Greenspan, 57, a frequent adviser to the Reagan White House and once Gerald Ford's chief economist. Others who were candidates, or fancied themselves candidates, are no longer being considered. Among them: Citicorp Chairman Walter Wriston, Federal Reserve Vice Chairman Preston Martin and Treasury Under Secretary Beryl Sprinkel.

Questions about who would get the Federal Reserve post and worries about a new jump in interest rates have been enough to drive some businessmen crazy. Said Exxon Chairman Clifton Garvin Jr. last week: "The important thing is that we get this thing over with."

The issue was also starting to weigh heavily on Volcker, who felt the waiting had gone on too long. Early last week he went so far as to request a private meeting with Reagan. In a session just after a White House show by Entertainer Mary Martin, Volcker told the President that he wanted to stay on and that uncertainty about the top job at the Fed was becoming unhealthy for financial markets. The next day, in part because of rumors that Volcker was on his way out, investors drove the Dow Jones industrial average down 19 points. The following day it slumped an additional 9 points. The market recovered part of the loss later in the week after rumors started that Volcker might be reappointed after all. It closed the week down 17 at 1196.11.

Wall Street has reason to be nervous. The question of who will manage the Federal Reserve is just another unwelcome unknown at a time when other unknowns are sprouting everywhere in the economy. One of the biggest causes of concern at present is the rapid growth of the money supply. Since March, the basic pool known as M1 has increased at an annual rate of 13.5%, to $508.5 billion, fueling fears that the Federal Reserve will soon have to clamp down, sending interest rates back up. Federal Reserve officials have been arguing that the increase in the M1 figure was an aberration and that the broader-based statistics for money growth, M2 and M3, showed that the Federal Reserve still has the money supply under control. Figures released last week showed that M1 is growing faster than the goal set by the Federal Reserve but that M2 is still within target.



D. ANA WALKER

The present (and most likely future) chairman during Senate testimony

Said former Opponent Donald Regan: "Overall I think he's done very well."

If the Federal Reserve decides that the money supply is growing too fast and slams on the brakes, it could halt the young recovery, which has been under way only since the beginning of the year. In some ways, that economic upturn is stronger than anticipated. Retail sales in May rose 2.1%, their strongest rise in months. But the recovery's true breadth and depth are as yet unshaped. Unemployment is down, but only slightly, to 10.1% of the U.S. labor force, and the layoffs go on.

Interest levels are far below the Mafia-like loan-shark rates of 20% or so that prevailed 24 months ago, but they are still very high by historical standards. Inflation, now at an annual rate of less than 4%, could be rekindled if the economy heats up too quickly. Already there are a few scant signs of that. In May, the producer price index, a harbinger of consumer prices, rose .3%, after declining slightly in April and March. Small though it was, it was the highest rise for the index so far this year.

The delicacy of the recovery and worries about the problems in international finance caused by huge debts in developing countries have been adding strength to the notion of keeping Paul Volcker on the job. In the financial community Volcker is regarded as something of a demigod because he brought down inflation, strengthened the dollar and set the stage for the euphoric bull market in stocks that began last August. Nearly 80% of 702 executives polled by the investment firm A.G. Becker Paribas gave their vote of confidence to Volcker, with Alan Greenspan a distant second at 5.8%. Monetarist Milton Friedman got only 5.5%, Treasury Under Secretary Sprinkel 2.5%, and Fed Vice Chairman Martin less than 1%. More than half the executives fear a return to double-digit inflation if Volcker is replaced. So bullish is Wall Street on Volcker that Charles M. Lewis, vice president of Shearson/American Express, predicts that "the day the reappointment is announced will see the Dow rise 35 points. Nobody ever made more money in the market than they made under Volcker."

Only a few weeks ago, Volcker was given little chance of reappointment. A nominal Democrat and a Carter Administration appointee, he had never enjoyed close relations with the President or other White House officials. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan has been the strongest critic of Volcker within the Administration,

arguing that the Fed chairman was not "irreplaceable." Regan did not think much more of Greenspan. At one point, in desperation, he said, "If they appoint Greenspan, they'll have to find themselves another Treasury Secretary." The Treasury Secretary put forward the name of Paul McCracken, 67, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers in the first Nixon Administration, as his candidate for the Fed job, and watched the idea sink before it got anywhere.

But as the White House staff began to weigh the advantages of having its own man at the Federal Reserve against the domestic and international uncertainty that could be caused by switching, the pendulum swung toward Volcker. Secretary Regan did an about-face and last week praised the Federal Reserve chairman publicly, saying, "I think he's done a very good job over a period of years. There were some hits and misses, but overall I think he's done well." Even Preston Martin conceded at week's end that Volcker's reappointment was "highly likely."

Greenspan has strong credentials for the Federal Reserve post. Well regarded in Washington for more than a decade, he measures up to Volcker in many ways and has the edge over the incumbent in one respect. He is not a holdover from the Carter Administration. Moreover, Greenspan, like Volcker, is expected to be independent of the White House, which might want the chairman to do its bidding until the presidential election is over. Both would resist pressures to politicize the Federal Reserve. Greenspan would have to move quickly to establish his independence, and Volcker would continue his practice of staying at arm's length from Presidents. In neither case was the Reagan Administration likely to get "its man" at the Federal Reserve.

Within the Reagan Administration there was little open opposition to Greenspan, but there did not seem to be much reason to change from Volcker. At week's end support was shifting heavily to Volcker. Budget Director David Stockman joined Martin Feldstein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, in backing Volcker. Vice President George Bush and Presidential Advisers Michael Deaver and Jim Baker threw their weight behind Volcker, while Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese remained opposed to him. At the moment, the decision is in the President's hands.

There were reports of a neat compromise: Volcker would be reappointed to a four-year term with the understanding that he would step down in January 1985. That would allow whoever is President to name his own man to the Federal Reserve at the beginning of his term. In the past, Volcker himself has said that he believes the two most important jobs in Washington should have concurrent terms. —*By John S. DeMott. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and David Beckwith/Washington*

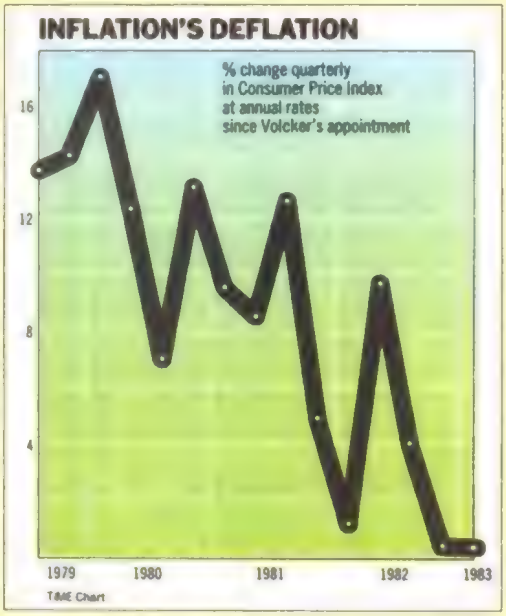
"He Promised, and He Delivered"

The U.S. was on the verge of a financial crisis when Paul A. Volcker became Federal Reserve Board chairman in August 1979. Inflation was roaring ahead at an annual rate of 13%, and the dollar was sinking on international money markets. Worldwide confidence in the Government's ability to manage the American economy had seldom been lower. Today inflation has slowed to less than 4%, and the dollar has become the world's strongest currency. Many experts attribute that remarkable turnaround largely to Volcker. Says Harvard Economist Otto Eckstein: "Volcker will go down as a giant in history." Concurs Henry Kaufman, chief economist at Salomon Brothers: "Volcker has demonstrated an extraordinary capacity as a defender of the integrity of our currency."

The new chairman declared all-out war against inflation within weeks of his appointment by President Carter. Just two months after Volcker took office, the Federal Reserve announced that it would seek to halt price increases at their source by curbing the growth of the money supply. Previously the Federal Reserve had eased tight-money policies when interest rates climbed too high, but Volcker vowed to stay firm until inflation had been wrung out of the economy. One result: the prime rate reached an unheard-of 21½% in December 1980.

Although Volcker has seesawed at times, he has generally kept on course so well that many critics blame his tight-money policies for the sharpest U.S. business slump since the Great Depression. "By mid-1981 inflation was under control," says Michael Evans, a Washington-based economic consultant. "But Volcker overstayed his welcome. He didn't ease up until mid-1982, and that turned a moderate recession into the worst one ever."

The Federal Reserve finally relented last summer and allowed money to expand faster. The prime, which stood at 16½% at the time, tumbled to 10½% earlier this year and has remained there while the economic recovery has picked up steam. Some experts argue that Volcker had no choice but to let up; others give him high marks for good sense and good timing. Says Irwin Kellner, chief economist for Manufacturers Hanover Trust: "He squeezed the daylights out of the economy until it really hurt, but he was wise enough to know when to let go."



Volcker also played a key role in containing the international debt crisis last August. "Aside from saving international banking, I can't think of anything he's done," quips Economist Donald Ratajczak of Georgia State University. By easing up on the U.S. money supply, Volcker ensured that cash would be available for loans to troubled borrowers like Mexico, which was near default. Moreover, Volcker was the leader in arranging a $5 billion rescue package that kept Mexico financially afloat.

Like any other person in public life, Volcker has his detractors. He has been faulted for going along with Carter's disastrous fling with credit controls in early 1980 and for sometimes permitting the money supply to swing wildly. Asserts Nobel Laureate Milton Friedman, who maintains that steady and predictable money growth is the key to economic health: "There has been more volatility in the money supply in the past three years than in any previous three-year period."

But the most common assessment of Volcker's nearly four years as Federal Reserve chairman is highly positive. "Volcker's track record is a proven one," sums up John Paulus, chief economist for Morgan Stanley. "He promised, and he delivered." One of Volcker's strengths in seeking reappointment has been that kind of overwhelming support from moneymen in the U.S. and abroad.

The Software Hard Sell

Packaging and promotion mean big profits in programs

The software industry, the essential but sometimes overlooked child of the personal-computer revolution, is growing up fast. Sales are increasing at a rate of 50% a year. New companies are springing up almost every week. Big corporations are beginning to move into the market. New programs are being launched with heavy promotion and large advertising budgets. Software-only specialty stores are multiplying. In short, a business explosion is occurring.

Last week Commodore International Ltd. announced that it was introducing about 70 new software titles this summer, more than its total catalogue just four years ago. Schuchardt Software Systems, which makes office automation programs for the IBM personal computer and others, saw its first public stock offering of $1.6 million sell out at $5,000 per share only a month ago. Last week the price skyrocketed to $8,000 per share.

From a starting point of virtually zero in 1976, sales of software for personal computers have been on a vector that seems to be pointed straight up. Revenues reached $600 million in 1981, $1 billion last year, and are expected to hit $1.5 billion in 1983, according to SRI International, a West Coast research firm. Prospects of dizzying profits have lured at least 230 companies into the business of creating software. Venture capitalists with bulging bank accounts are showered with proposals from novice entrepreneurs looking for start-up financing. By 1990, industry revenues could reach $12 billion. That will make software almost equal in size to today's household-appliance industry.

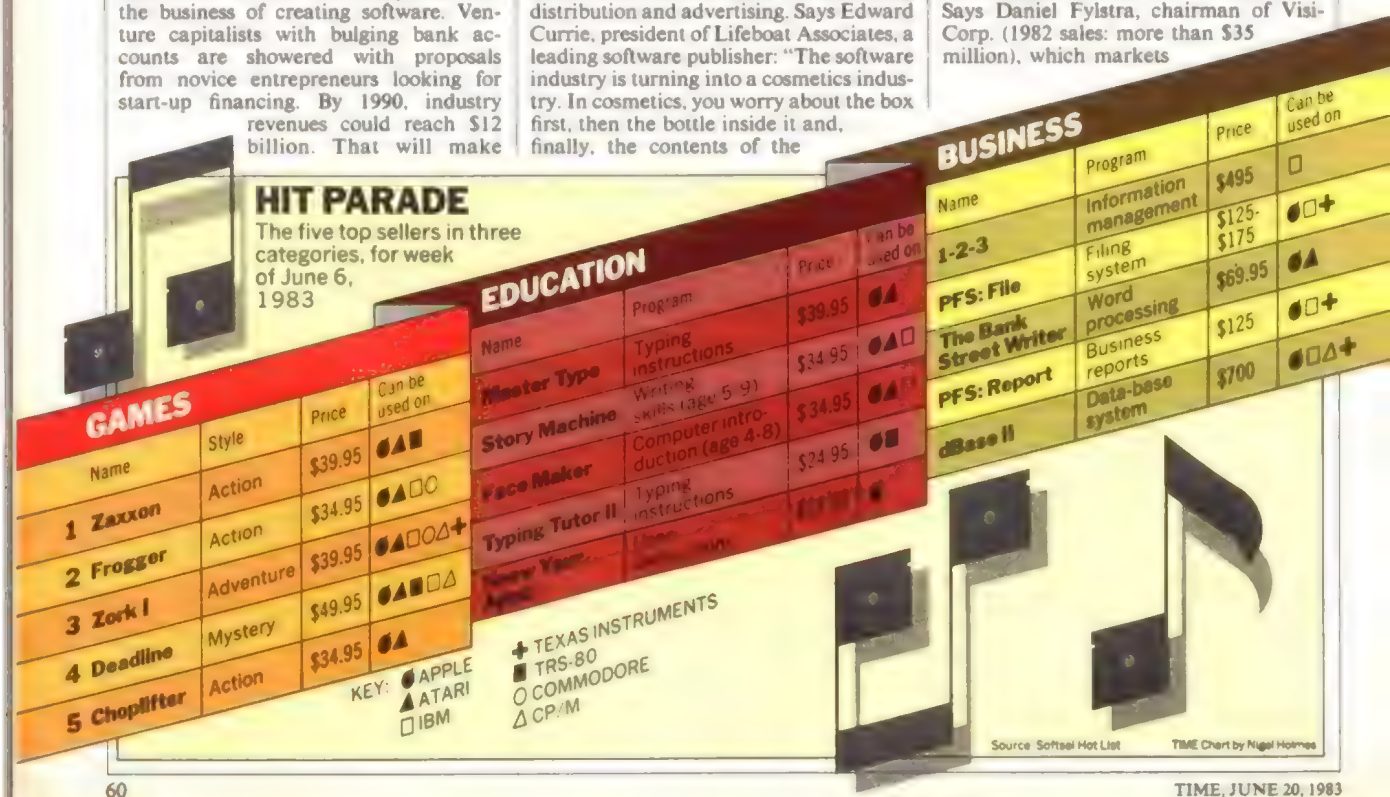
Software is to computers what gasoline is to automobiles or records are to stereo sets. Without software, a computer is only an inarticulate mass of electronic parts. Says David Sturtevant of the Association of Data Processing Service Organizations: "The computer alone is as dumb as a stump. It won't even keep beer cold." Software, the programs that come in cartridges or on floppy vinyl discs, instructs the machine to carry out the commands given to it. Customers are willing to spend heavily to get the right software. Industry experts estimate that for every $1,000 consumers invest in computer hardware, they pay out another $300 on software during the first year after they buy a machine.

In the late '70s, when the personal-computer industry was just getting started, a host of small software companies grew up. Many firms were started by one or two people with one computer, a good idea and some knowledge of computer programming. But as the market has expanded beyond the electronics hobbyist to the businessman, homeowner and student, software companies have discovered that they cannot survive on technology alone. They must develop skills in marketing, distribution and advertising. Says Edward Currie, president of Lifeboat Associates, a leading software publisher: "The software industry is turning into a cosmetics industry. In cosmetics, you worry about the box first, then the bottle inside it and, finally, the contents of the bottle. The same thing is happening in software."

Indeed, when Microsoft (1982 sales: $34 million), the Bellevue, Wash., company that developed the operating system used on the IBM personal computer, wanted someone to run its marketing program, it looked to the cosmetics industry. Last month Microsoft hired Rowland Hanson, vice president of Neutrogena, a maker of skin-care products, as head of marketing and public relations. Admits Hanson: "When I came here I didn't even know how to turn a computer on." But he does know how to sell packaged goods. Says company President Bill Gates, who founded Microsoft at age 18 and is one of the industry's veterans at 27: "We're past the point where technology is all important. It's the marketing, the reputations that are important now."

The demand for that type of skill has made the growing industry even more attractive to giant corporations, since they already have valuable experience in those fields. CBS, Walt Disney Productions, 20th Century-Fox Film Corp. and Dow Jones & Co. have all entered the software business within the past year. CBS and 20th Century-Fox are producing software for games, while Walt Disney makes educational programs. Dow Jones is turning out packages for stock-market analysis.

The presence of big companies raises the level of competition and also makes life tougher on smaller firms. The single brilliant programmer working on his home machine who packages his product in a Baggie may not survive any more. Says Daniel Fylstra, chairman of VisiCorp. (1982 sales: more than $35 million), which markets



VisiCalc, a financial forecasting program for businesses that is the most popular ever written: "Before, anyone with a reasonable product could make a go of it. Now you're seeing larger and larger sums directed toward marketing. Brand names are becoming more and more important."

In addition to its rapid growth, the personal-computer software industry lures both big and small companies because of its huge profit margins. Programs that cost only $5 or $10 to make can sell at retail for up to $700 or more. The most expensive is believed to be Microscan II, a stock-analysis program that costs $6,250 for a year's subscription, which includes periodic market updating.

The hefty returns software firms can make, however, invite price-cutting. Last week Commodore said it would introduce a less-than-$100 edition of Multiplan, a financial modeling program that sells in other versions for as much as $275. That could set off a price war as competitors try to match Commodore.

Microsoft's Bill Gates surrounded by some of his products

Increasingly, software companies are discovering the advantages of bigness. In June 1981, Atlanta-based Peachtree Software sold out to Management Science America, a company that had previously concentrated on programs for mainframe computers, for $5.5 million. The new owners invested in television advertising, which was practically unheard of in the industry, and heavily promoted the Peachtree logo. Says John Imlay, 46, chairman of MSA: "The key thing is that we poured a great deal of money into brand recognition." Peachtree's sales took off, in part, because the software can run on the popular IBM personal computer. Revenues reached $9.4 million in 1982 and are expected to double this year.

As the software industry becomes more packaging- and marketing-oriented, it increasingly resembles the record business. Companies would rather make a monster hit that sells hundreds of thousands of copies than design specialized programs that appeal only to tiny segments of the market. Trade publications cater to the hit mentality by compiling bestseller lists in categories like education or home management. Imitation becomes a measure of success. Once a particular piece of software takes off, a slew of copycat programs, which promise to do the same thing for less money, often follow. VisiCalc imitations have become known in the industry as VisiClones and CalcAlikes.

One new company, Electronic Arts of San Mateo, Calif., is taking the record-industry model a few steps further. Founded by Trip Hawkins, 29, a Stanford M.B.A. and former executive with Apple Computer, it is packaging its line of entertainment software in cardboard slipcases that consciously resemble record jackets. The company is also trying to elevate its programmers to star status by referring to them as "software artists," prominently displaying their names on packages and photographing them in pop idol–like settings.

Gamesman Trip Hawkins of Electronic Arts

Marketing floppy discs just like records.

Lotus Development Corp. is another example of a company exploiting the hot market in software. The firm last year introduced a new program called 1-2-3 that combines several basic functions in one package. Someone, for example, can file information, do financial modeling and draw graphs with the same product. The one-year-old Cambridge, Mass., company has already gathered $5 million in venture capital, and it spent $1 million on a three-month advertising campaign. The investment paid off handsomely. Though it costs $495, 1-2-3 is now the bestselling business program.

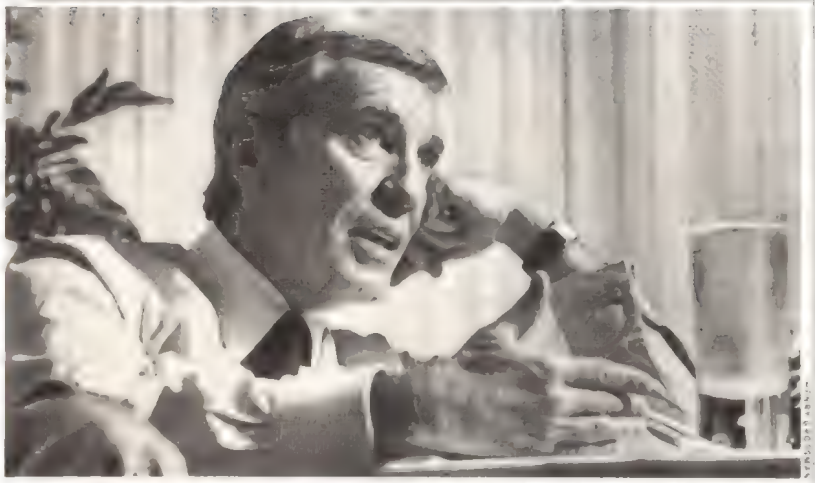
Integrated software products like 1-2-3 that combine several functions are generally too complex for small companies to produce. They require the talents of dozens of programmers working in close coordination. Sometimes such projects even stretch the abilities of larger firms. Late last year VisiCorp announced that it would soon introduce a new integrated product called VisiON. But original deadlines have slipped, and now the product is not expected to be on the market until October, or perhaps even later.

With so many companies pushing so many products so hard, a bottleneck is developing at the end of the distribution pipeline in stores. Dealers are running out of shelf space, and products are being introduced in such a flood that salespeople often do not even know how they work. Says Daniel Bricklin, co-author of VisiCalc: "It is hard getting marketed. The dealers have to be persuaded that a program will sell."

Softsel Computer Products, which is based in Inglewood, just outside Los Angeles, started business in 1980 as a software distributor. In its first six months it had revenues of $700,000. This year it will gross $70 million. The firm distributes more than 3,000 products to 1,200 outlets. Each month it screens more than 400 new programs, but fewer than eight are selected for sale. Says President Robert Leff: "The acceptance rate is very low. Advertising is almost critical. A very good product needs advertising out there generating the interest."

The scramble for display space has led to the advent of stores that sell no computers, only software. Softwaire Centre International began franchising software-only outlets in October 1982 and now has 26 stores, with 13 more under construction. Each one carries 3,300 items, including accessory equipment like printer ribbons and books. The company's revenues this year from franchising alone should exceed $2.5 million.

A couple of canny software sellers have now discovered a new way to ease the shelf-space squeeze. Tymshare, a California computer communications firm, is experimenting in four San Francisco–area stores with the electronic delivery of programs to customers. Once the buyer has selected the software he wants to buy, the salesman orders it up from a central computer and electronic impulses inscribe it on a disc in the store. Later this month Control Video Corp. of Vienna, Va., will begin sending video-game programs over telephone lines to game owners at home. —***By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Dick Thompson/San Francisco with other bureaus***



Chairman Mahoney has sought a public profile for himself, but wants to make his firm private

Private Lives

Mahoney eyes Norton Simon

David Mahoney is not just some faceless Mr. Big of business. The chairman of the Norton Simon conglomerate (fiscal 1982 sales: $3 billion) likes to bask in high-wattage limelight. He poses for profiles in magazines like *Vogue* and *Success* and appears in TV commercials for his Avis rent-a-car subsidiary. At his black-tie 60th birthday party last month, he and his wife Hillie, a former Miss Rheingold, played host to dozens of famous friends, including Estée Lauder, Alan King and Henry Kissinger.

But while the public is seeing lots of David Mahoney, it may soon see much less of his company. Mahoney last week proposed to make Norton Simon (Hunt's ketchup, Max Factor cosmetics, Johnnie Walker Scotch) a private corporation. He and a group of Norton Simon executives and other investors offered to buy all the firm's outstanding stock for about $725 million. If company shareholders and directors accept the plan, Norton Simon will apparently be the largest company ever to have moved from the New York Stock Exchange into private hands.

The offer of an estimated $29.50 per share, however, brought wails of indignation from Wall Street investors. They accused Mahoney of exploiting Norton Simon's depressed share price, which results from the company's recent lackluster performance, to shortchange shareholders. In anticipation of a sweeter deal from either Norton Simon or another suitor, the company's stock traded feverishly last week, closing at $32.13, up $5.75.

Sharp-eyed investors have been noticing signs that Mahoney was preparing to do something for quite a while. During the past two years, he has quietly reduced by half the amount of his company's outstanding common stock by buying back shares worth about $460 million. To help pay for the shares, the company sold its Canada Dry division to Dr Pepper last year for $145 million.

Mahoney's latest bold stroke demonstrates that he moves as aggressively in financial areas as he does in promotion and marketing. He started his own ad agency at 28 before becoming president of the Good Humor ice cream company and later a top executive at Colgate-Palmolive. In 1969 he won an executive-suite power struggle to become chief of the diversified empire put together by California Businessman Norton Simon, 76, who now owns only a token interest in the firm.

Mahoney reshaped the company by selling off more than 20 businesses and buying up firms like Max Factor (1973) and Avis (1977). His ability to produce profits, though, has been less inspiring. In the first quarter of this year, Norton Simon's operating profits fell 62%, to $8.9 million.

Going private is an increasingly popular strategy. Since the beginning of last year 36 companies have announced such plans, according to Merrill Lynch. That status protects firms from outside takeover artists, and it allows companies to avoid disclosing financial data such as sales, profits and executive perks.

To pay for Norton Simon, Mahoney and his fellow investors plan to employ a maneuver known as the leveraged buyout. They will borrow the necessary cash primarily from banks, using the company's assets as collateral. This could permit Mahoney, who now controls only about 3% of the company, to pull off his gambit with minimal personal investment or risk.

Few firms go private, though, without enduring plenty of dissent. Both Fuqua Industries and 20th Century-Fox scuttled plans to take the step two years ago after sparking opposition. Indeed, shortly after Mahoney announced his offer, the first shareholder lawsuit was filed. Many more are expected. ■

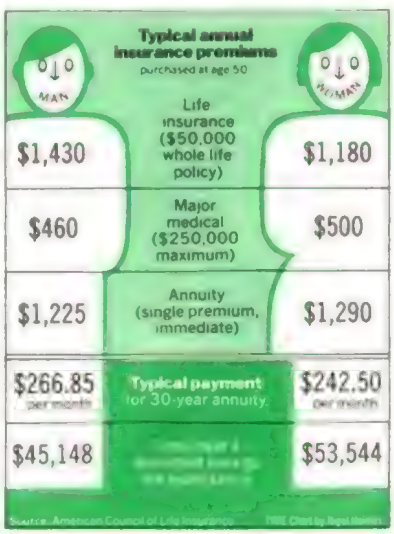
Sexy Premiums

Feminists vs. *insurance firms*

First came unisex hair styles, then unisex clothing. If the National Organization for Women has its way, unisex insurance will be next. Feminist groups and several powerful Congressmen are pushing two separate bills in Congress to end the traditional practice of establishing insurance rates on the basis of gender, which often results in higher premiums or lower benefits for women. Says Kathy Bonk of the Legal Defense Fund: "We have to take the profit motive out of sexual discrimination."

Insurance companies say they set prices on the basis of measurable differences between different groups of people. Women, for example, live about seven years longer than men, while people under 30 have twice as many accidents as older drivers. Result: women pay more for an annuity, and young drivers spend more on auto insurance. Industry officials warn that if insurers must set the same prices for all, the result will be a rate free-for-all that could make certain high-risk groups, like male teen-age drivers, uninsurable. Moreover, they contend that converting to unisex could cost the industry billions in added liabilities and administrative expenses. "The near-term jolt will shake the insurance and pension systems to their foundations," says Daniel McGinn, an official with the International Foundation of Employee Benefit Plans. "And the long-term impact could be disastrous."

Alarmed by the recent passage of a state unisex insurance law in Montana and moves to enact similar legislation in twelve other states, as well as at the federal level, the industry has begun an effort to influence legislators. Last week, in a full-page advertisement in major newspapers, the Health Insurance Association of America and the American Council of



Life Insurance urged readers to ask their Senators and Congressmen to vote against unisex insurance bills. Said one congressional-committee staffer: "It seems like they're really pulling out the stops."

NOW rests its case on figures showing, for example, that a 40-year-old woman pays $262 a year more than a 40-year-old man for equivalent medical coverage, or that a 65-year-old female retiree gets 10% less a month for the same 30-year annuity. Unisex insurance supporters have different complaints about different types of coverage. The three major programs:

MEDICAL. A male aged 25 to 30 might pay $810 for a health-and-accident policy, *vs.* $1,134 for a female of the same age. Insurance companies explain that this disparity is due to the fact that women generally have more routine hospitalization. Feminist groups dispute these figures and then point out that women tend to smoke and drink less, get in fewer auto accidents and live longer.

LIFE. Women pay less than men for life insurance because of greater longevity, but until recently most companies gave them credit for living only three years longer, about half the real difference of life expectancy at birth. With annuities, on the other hand, women get reduced monthly payments. The total amount women collect is actually higher on average because they earn interest for a longer period of time. "The unfairness and injustice of this are profound," says NOW President Judy Goldsmith. "The woman doesn't pay any less for food at age 65, or for rent or for anything else."

NOW protest in Washington

AUTO. Young women pay lower premiums for auto insurance than young men because they have fewer accidents. But supporters argue that the rate advantage fades after age 25, even though women of all age groups have driving records that are 23% better than men, primarily because they drive less.

To dramatize their cause, NOW members last week picketed the offices of major insurance companies across the country. Meanwhile, insurance-industry efforts to sabotage the bill have so far only hardened the resolve of its supporters. Senator Robert Packwood, Commerce Committee chairman and the bill's chief Senate sponsor, angered by the industry's aggressive lobbying efforts, recently warned its officials: "You're asking to die by this sword if you want to live by this sword. Congress will rise up in wrath against you." The bill is now given a better than even chance of passage. ■

Dividends

Ayds, Not AIDS

The quandary could be a case study at the Harvard Business School. The problem: a deadly disease breaks out that has a name that sounds the same as that of a well-known diet product. Question: What should the marketer do to avoid possible confusion?

Jeffrey Martin Inc., the distributor of Ayds appetite-suppressant candy, has faced just this issue since AIDS, or acquired immune deficiency syndrome, began getting public attention in mid-1981. Jeffrey Martin acquired the Ayds marketing rights from Purex at about the time of the first report of AIDS.

Sales of the diet candy had been sluggish for years when Jeffrey Martin took over the product. Says Martin Himmel, company president: "We have repackaged it, redesigned it, readvertised it and given it a new breath of life." Perhaps as a result, retailers say, the disease is not hurting the product. Says Elliot Dworkin, vice president of Revco D.S. Inc., which operates 1,661 drugstores in 28 states: "Ayds sales have never been better."

Reminiscents

Riviera. Gentle Breeze. Holding Hands. Sound good? No, smell good. All of these are selections from a new line of products that the manufacturer, Charles of the Ritz, calls "the next frontier in home entertainment." Starting next fall, living-room Lotharios will be able to set the appropriate mood not only with sights and sounds but with scents as well. Right there between the stereo and the chilled

bottle of Dom Pérignon will be a small electronic unit about the size of a Kleenex box huffing and puffing out little clouds of Passion or Seduction.

Called the Aroma Disc system, the new machine is expected to retail for $20. Upscale versions, priced as high as $125, will include a choice of ceramic camouflage (cats, clowns and art deco birds) designed by Giorgio Sant'Angelo. To improve the smell of the surroundings, one inserts a "fragrance record" into the machine. The company will not divulge its proprietary technology, but the scent is released when the oil-filled discs are warmed slightly in the machine. The discs will come in both long-playing versions that put out the same odor for five hours (price: $4) and olfactory 45s that play for an hour ($1.50).

The company's nose experts have created something for just about everyone. Families may enjoy spending a rainy afternoon at home with a hint of Tailgate Lunch in the air. Hypochondriacs will be able to relax to Medi-Scent. And for that day when you just want to sit there and smell nothing, there is a record titled Neutral.

Shampooscam

To newspaper readers in New York City, Chicago and Philadelphia, the ad that promised a 50¢ saving on purchases of Essent Shampoo was nothing special. But to police authorities, it was the largest sting operation ever organized against coupon crooks.

The American Society for Industrial Security (A.S.I.S.), a Virginia-based association of company security officials, with help from district attorneys in New York and Chicago, was trying to catch people who fraudulently redeem coupons for shampoo, dog food and other products without buying the goods. No one knows the total take from this sort of nickel-and-dime thievery, but industry rumors range as high as $350 million every year. A.S.I.S. reasoned that since Essent does not exist, only thieves would turn in the chits. To maintain secrecy, it did not tell the publishers that the ad was phony.

The trap backfired when reporters from *Advertising Age*, a trade publication, began to ask questions. Their story resulted in red faces all around. *Advertising Age* insists that its "journalistic mission" required it to reveal the operation. Meanwhile, the authorities are still keeping close watch on the post office box in Prospect, Ill., where a few coupons have already been sent for redemption.

Ann Aldrich and Frank Battisti: Was either involved in a sweetheart deal?

A Bad Courthouse Soap Opera

In Cleveland, charges of influence peddling and a judge's jilting

The whole thing, said one involved lawyer, was "a bizarre situation that reads like a bad script for a television soap opera." To be called, possibly, *Scandal in the Courtroom*, or maybe just *The Judges*. For the principal players in a black-robe drama currently unfolding in Cleveland are two federal judges. One has been accused of helping relatives and friends to get lucrative fees and jobs. The other has been accused of making some of the charges—baselessly—in order to get revenge on a lawyer-lover who jilted her.

The plot begins at a 1981 Christmas party when, says U.S. District Court Judge Ann Aldrich, a young lawyer told her that he would be receiving a cut of his firm's fees in the White Motor Corp. bankruptcy case, which was under Aldrich's jurisdiction. The lawyer, Gino Battisti, had recently joined the firm of Climaco, Seminatore, Lefkowitz and Kaplan, and was the nephew of U.S. District Court Chief Judge Frank Battisti. Some months later the local press began to publish reports on the conduct of the blustery and powerful judge. Last March a federal grand jury started looking into charges that he had used his influence to benefit relatives and friends.

AKRON BEACON JOURNAL

Attorney Shimon Kaplan

Among the questions before the panel: Was the Climaco firm appointed examiner in the White Motor bankruptcy (possible fee: $1 million) as a payoff for hiring Nephew Gino? The firm was chosen by Bankruptcy Judge Mark Schlachet, a Battisti protégé and the son-in-law of one of Battisti's close friends. Schlachet resigned last year while under investigation for improperly giving high-paying court appointments to friends.

What might have remained a more or less standard influence-peddling inquiry became more titillating last month when Judge Aldrich made public her role in the investigation. Remembering her Christmas-party chat, she decided to check out Nephew Gino with one of the Climaco partners, Shimon Kaplan. According to Aldrich, Kaplan told her that young Battisti had received $41,000 in bonuses, roughly 10% of all fees from cases "attributable" to his uncle. Stunned by Aldrich's assertion, Kaplan and the Climaco firm formally denied making any deals with Judge Battisti or his nephew.

Speaking for his partners, John Climaco accused Aldrich, 55, of attacking the firm because of a faltering romance with Kaplan, 42, who had been her student at a local law school. Kaplan said bluntly, "I believe Judge Aldrich's actions are an attempt to get even with me and my law firm for my refusing to marry her." In a letter to his colleagues he wrote: "Why did she do it? We were involved, and she must have loved me too much. I must have hurt her deeply, and for that I'm sorry." Aldrich concedes they had a "platonic" relationship but says that had nothing to do with her accusation. She muddled matters further by admitting that Kaplan had helped her write some opinions.

It will probably be months before the grand jury decides whether to indict Battisti, and it is not clear if anyone will review Aldrich's role. For the moment, though, one certain casualty of the scandal is the dignity of Cleveland's federal bench. Says one of its judges: "I wish this were all a bad dream and we could wake up and say it's over." ■

Easier Searches

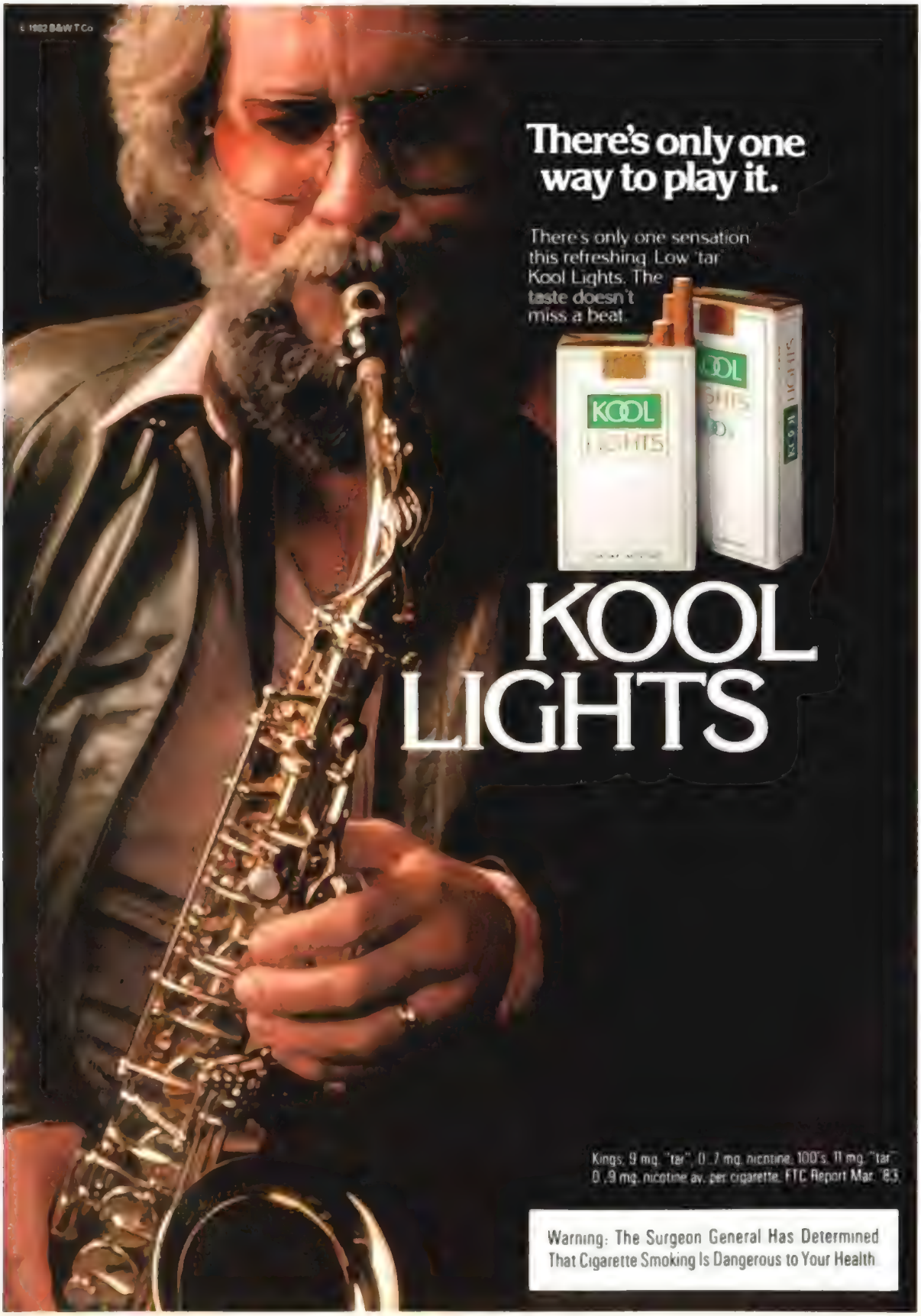
But "apologies to all"

Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court often belittle lawyers' arguments and reverse the rulings of their predecessors. But rarely do they say they are sorry. Last week Justice William Rehnquist, writing for a majority of five, offered "apologies to all" for stirring a major legal debate on whether the court should weaken the exclusionary rule's ban on the use of illegally seized evidence in criminal trials. Having riled everyone about the issue, the court decided not to address the question after all.

The Justices had called for legal arguments on whether the Fourth Amendment allows a "good faith" exception to the exclusionary rule; that would mean illegally gathered evidence could be used in criminal trials if police acted in the reasonable belief that what they were doing was constitutional. At least five Justices have indicated reservations about the rule, and one of them, Byron White, said in his separate opinion last week that a "good faith" exception should be created. But, citing procedural reasons, other Justices backed off the issue for now. Instead, the majority turned to another issue in the case and chipped away at two Warren Court rulings to make the issuing of search warrants easier.

The case that started all this involved two suspected drug traffickers, Lance and Susan Gates of Bloomingdale, Ill., whom police had learned about from an anonymous letter. They sought a search warrant after confirming that the Gateses had taken a trip to Florida, just as the letter predicted they would. Police were waiting when the couple returned home; the resulting search turned up 350 lbs. of marijuana in the car trunk. The Gateses claimed that the police, in seeking the warrant, had not met the Warren Court's "two-pronged" requirement: that they show what the informant's "basis of knowledge" was, and that they demonstrate why they believed the informant.

The Supreme Court, however, held that the old Warren Court rulings had created a "complex superstructure of evidentiary and analytical rules." It was time, wrote Justice Rehnquist, to return to less rigid restrictions and allow a magistrate issuing a warrant to "make a practical, common sense decision whether, given all the circumstances . . . there is a fair probability that contraband or evidence of a crime will be found in a particular place." The result, says a pleased Sue Johnson, top official of the Police Executive Research Forum, is that "officers will seek search warrants more frequently." At the same time, defense attorneys will undoubtedly find it far harder to challenge most warrants that are issued. ■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There's only one way to play it.
There's only one sensation this refreshing Low 'tar' Kool Lights. The taste doesn't miss a beat.
KOOL
LIGHTS
Kings: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine. 100's: 11 mg. "tar" 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Mar. '83.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

© 1982 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

There are plenty of sporty cars that will turn heads today. But there aren't many that will turn corners like a Toyota Celica GT. Because Celica has more than just an eye-catching exterior. It has the right stuff underneath, too.

The 1983 Celica GT Liftback has the most powerful engine ever offered in a Celica, a 2.4 liter power plant with a new electronic fuel injection system. From now on, heads better turn quickly, or they won't see Celica at all.

Celicas also come standard with a close ratio 5-speed overdrive transmission. And a 4-speed automatic overdrive is available.

There's even a new Celica model for 1983 — the Celica GT-S (pictured below). It introduces racing-type independent rear suspension to the Celica line. Celica GT-S also comes standard with the biggest tires in the class — extra-wide 225/60 HR 14 steel-belted radials. And they're mounted on gleaming 14" x 7" aluminum alloy wheels. So Celica turns corners with a precision the rest of the sporty car field just can't match.

Other Celica GT-S features include fender flares, for a racy look. And inside, multi-adjustable sports seats that really hug you as you turn those corners.

The 1983 Toyota Celica GT. More than just a hot-looking car. It's a turn for the better!

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

OH WHAT A FEELING!

TOYOTA

CELICA TURNS HEADS AS EASILY AS IT TURNS CORNERS.

LOOKER!

Scientists Must Not Play God

Clergymen warn about the implications of genetic engineering

Seldom, if ever, in the U.S. has there been so ecumenical a chorus of concern. The signers of the seven-point declaration included the leaders of the Southern Baptist Convention, the United Methodist Church, the Lutheran Church in America, the Episcopal Church and the United Church of Christ. The political spectrum ranged from right-wing TV Evangelist Jerry Falwell to Bishop James Armstrong, the liberal Methodist who heads the National Council of Churches. Twenty-three Roman Catholic bishops added their names, as did Jewish Leaders Albert Vorspan and Rabbi Wolfe Kelman. The prestige of the clergymen, as well as the wide variety of their views on religious and social issues, gave special impact to their plea to Congress: ban genetic experiments by scientists that might change human characteristics passed along from one generation to its successor.

Although genetic engineering is still in its early stage of development, the clergymen were worried about its implications for the future of mankind. Explained J. Robert Nelson, a professor of theology at Boston University and a signer of the document: "It may be possible to modify human life so much as to produce some theologically unacceptable notion of what human life is. We are in danger of treating human beings as animal stock rather than respecting their dignity."

In 1980, when some religious leaders expressed their concern about trends in genetic experimentation, President Carter asked a special commission on biomedical ethics to study human engineering. The now disbanded body last November recommended that scientists be allowed to continue research on eliminating genetic disorders, but only under the "close scrutiny" of federal monitors.

Dissatisfaction with this response led the clergymen last week to press Congress to stop human engineering. Democratic Congressman Albert Gore Jr. of Tennessee has introduced a bill, thought likely to win House approval, that would create a presidential commission to monitor, but not regulate, developments in the field. Gore last week called the clergymen's request for a moratorium on research "a hasty judgment."

Interestingly, the man who organized last week's appeal is neither a theologian nor a scientist. He is Jeremy Rifkin, 38, a Reform Jew and a writer on economic and social issues, who warns that the world's economic systems must be transformed in anticipation of a drastic shortage of resources. Rifkin's most recent book, titled *Algeny* (Viking; $14.75), not only protests against human engineering but virtually all genetic tinkering with plant and animal species. Genetic engineering, says Rifkin, is "ecological roulette: any mistake will be irretrievable."

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY ROBERT KAUFMAN

Most signers have no moral qualms about some forms of genetic engineering. For example, they do not object to scrambling the DNA of bacteria to make possible the mass production of insulin for diabetics. Nor do all of them oppose a possible future treatment that would change the genes of an individual to cure a disease such as hemophilia.

The clergy's main concern is the ethical justification for making changes in the germline, or sex cells, which regulates the transmission of inheritable traits. Scientists are now working to change the genes in these cells that create such inherited maladies as Tay-Sachs disease and sickle-cell anemia. The healthy traits would be passed on indefinitely to succeeding generations. However ideal that goal might seem, signers of the petition to Congress fear that the engineering changes could later cause unforeseen problems. One example: eradication of sickle-cell anemia genes might make an individual more susceptible to malaria. Other clergymen are deeply concerned that scientists, despite their disclaimers, will eventually seek to make more changes—in short, to usurp the creative function of God by building a kind of superman.

Says the Rev. Avery Post, president of the United Church of Christ: "We're not good enough or responsible enough. There is no question about it. We will abuse this power." Bishop Finis Crutchfield, outgoing president of the United Methodist Church's Council of Bishops, thinks that efforts to modify the work of the Creator constitute "pride, the deadliest of all sins."

Other religious thinkers see no problem with a geneticist's manipulating DNA to eradicate dread diseases. Rabbi Seymour Siegel, professor of ethics at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York City and the only clergyman on the President's bioethics commission, did not sign last week's statement. "The biblical writers see man's role not merely to conform to nature but to improve it, if possible," Siegel argues. For that reason, "genetic research should be encouraged, not met with cries of alarm."

Pope John Paul II has approved of genetic manipulation to eliminate disorders. He told a meeting of scientists last October that "the research of modern biology gives hope that the transfer and mutation of genes can ameliorate the condition of those who are affected by chromosomic diseases."

With the arguments unresolved, the Rev. Richard McCormick, a Jesuit moral theologian at Georgetown University who endorsed last week's petition, candidly admits that he is not yet sure which approach to genetic engineering is right. He signed not to prohibit research forever but to try to encourage public debate. McCormick believes the line between removing a genetic defect and manipulating the race eugenically "is all but blurred."

Not only are theologians perplexed by the issue, but scientists themselves are divided. Last week the clergymen opposing human engineering were joined by seven scientists, including Nobel Laureates Polycarp Kusch and George Wald. A biochemist, Wald echoes the fears of many clergymen about altering human genes when he asks, "Who is going to set those specifications?" —*By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by Michael P. Harris/New York*

Hurtling Through the Void

Pioneer 10 becomes the first object to leave the solar system

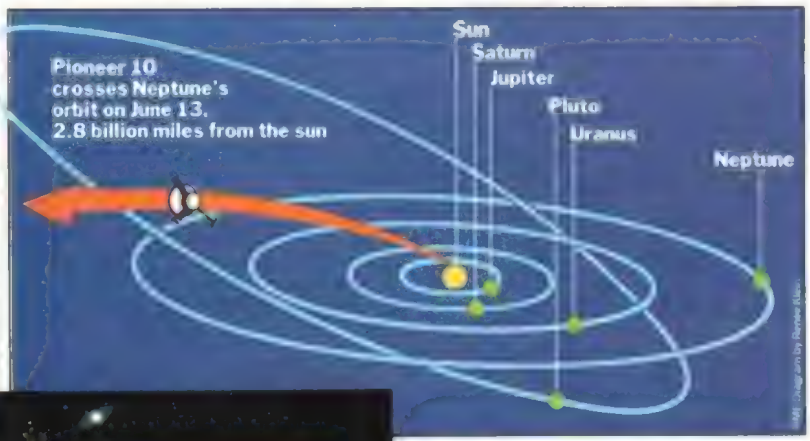
Eleven years ago a small, unmanned spacecraft looking like the product of a child's Erector Set took off from Florida on a historic mission. Equipped with primitive electronic eyes and other instruments, Pioneer 10 flew past the giant planet Jupiter, providing the first startling close-up view of that distant world. Now the surprisingly durable robot, whose working parts were designed by its builder, TRW, to last only two or three years, has scored another remarkable achievement. Propelled by a gravitational boost from Jupiter, it has become the first man-made object to leave the solar system and enter the realm of the stars.

The epochal departure, determined by faint signals from Pioneer 10 picked up by NASA's tracking antennas, occurred early this week when Pioneer crossed the orbit of Neptune, currently the outermost planet.* At that moment, it was 2,813,685,909 miles from the sun and moving at a brisk 30,558 m.p.h.

The event, said Astronomer Carl Sagan, "is filled with symbolism. Lots of things have entered the solar system during its 5 billion-year history—comets, asteroids, every sort of cosmic debris. This is the first time, however, that something associated with life and intelligence has left it."

Anticipating Pioneer's wanderings into the cosmos, where it might be intercepted by intelligent beings, Sagan and a Cornell colleague, Frank Drake, along with Sagan's former wife Linda, an artist, created a gold-anodized aluminum plaque that was affixed to the spacecraft's side. The plaque shows a nude male and female, a representation of the solar system, plus other scientific clues that might help inhabitants of other worlds trace Pioneer's origins.

The chance of extraterrestrial discovery is, to be sure, infinitesimally small. As it hurtles through the interstellar void, Pioneer will not approach another star for 10,000 earth years. Even then, it will hardly be a close encounter: there will be a gulf of 3.8 light-years (some 23 trillion miles) between Pioneer and Barnard's star, a small, cool, red celestial object that does not seem to have life-supporting planets. Still, as scientists at NASA's Ames Research Center note, Pioneer should survive indefinitely in the vacuum of interstellar space. The machine may even outlast the solar system itself, which is expected to expire in another 5 billion years when the sun swells into a red giant and engulfs the inner planets.



Pioneer looks back at distant sun, center

One surprise of Pioneer's voyage so far is the discovery that the boundary of the sun's atmosphere, or heliosphere, the bubble of particles blown into space by the solar wind, is much farther out than supposed. Researchers had expected the region to end near Jupiter's orbit. But even now the spacecraft's instruments show no decline in the heliosphere's strength, only what seems to be a swelling and contraction connected with cycles of solar activity.

Another benefit, stemming from wobbles in Pioneer's flight path, may be the detection of a long-suspected tenth planet or perhaps even an unseen nearby star. Both possibilities have been suggested as the source of the gravitational tugging that is causing the strange perturbations in the orbits of Uranus and Neptune. Scientists are even speculating that by carefully following Pioneer's movements they may detect effects of long-sought gravity waves. Postulated by Einstein's general theory of relativity, these waves are thought to be the carrier of the gravitational force, just as the photon, or light particle, is the transmitter of the electromagnetic force.

As the nuclear-powered spacecraft continues its probings of deep space, its findings will be awaited "with intense excitement," says the University of Iowa's James Van Allen, who utilized Explorer I a generation ago to discover the earth's radiation belts. Says Van Allen: "No one dreamed we would still be hearing from Pioneer today." The scientists, however, will have to be patient. At its present distance, radio messages take 4 hr. 20 min. to reach the earth from Pioneer. And the length of time is steadily increasing. ■

*Ordinarily, Pluto is the outermost planet, but because of its lopsided pathway, it will be traveling inside Neptune's orbit for the next 17 years.

Trunk Call

Trees battle bugs with signals

There is nothing lovely as a tree or, apparently, as garrulous. So contend two University of Washington scientists, who provided the surprising news last week that trees appear to communicate with one another. Not in words, to be sure, but by chemical signals.

Ecologists Gordon Orians and David Rhoades believe they discovered arboreal conversations while studying the depredations of western tent caterpillars and fall webworms on Sitka willows. As expected, the researchers found that the leaf chemistry of victimized trees changed to make them less palatable and even harmful to bugs. Curiously, the same natural defense was also invoked by nearby trees not under attack.

Orians and Rhoades speculate that stricken trees release chemical signals called pheromones (more commonly known as insect sex lures). Wafted through the air, these vapors apparently stimulate neighboring undamaged trees, which also alter their leaf chemistry in order to become less tasty to voracious bugs.

The scientists acknowledge that they have not yet pinpointed the signaling chemicals. But they note that a similar warning ability seems to have been found in sugar maple and poplar seedlings in New England. If the chemicals can be isolated, Orians and Rhoades say, they might serve as an alternative to pesticides in protecting forests. And that, certainly, would be something for the trees to talk about. ■

Policy Posting

Foreign Affairs' *new editor*

Like so many of the diplomats and internationalists who make up its prestigious audience, *Foreign Affairs* (circ. 85,000) is gray, influential and unobtrusive. The quarterly, founded in 1922, made a public splash last year, when four former top-ranking U.S. officials—McGeorge Bundy, George Kennan, Robert McNamara and Gerard Smith—published a joint article calling on the U.S. to renounce the first use of nuclear weapons. The piece was a high point in the eleven-year editorship of McGeorge Bundy's brother William, 65, who was a national security aide to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. William Bundy is retiring, and last week a successor in his image was named: William Hyland, 53, one of the nation's foremost Sovietologists and a national security adviser to Presidents Nixon, Ford and Carter.

William Hyland

The editor of *Foreign Affairs* can and often does play an important role in shaping U.S. foreign policy debate. The magazine enables scholars and once-and-future officials to reach an elite readership, including the members of its parent organization, the New York City–based Council on Foreign Relations. Hyland, who played a key role in negotiating SALT I, was once known as a hard-liner, but in recent years has become more confident about the potential for balanced arms control agreements, and the unlikelihood of nuclear war. Said one former colleague: "He is no ideologue." A State Department analyst agreed: "You will not find him frozen to a single line."

Hyland was a CIA analyst when he joined the Nixon Administration in 1969. For the next decade he was an aide to Henry Kissinger at the National Security Council, then at the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research, and in private consulting. Now a senior associate at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Hyland is known as a scholarly, literate writer of articles and one book, *The Fall of Khrushchev* (1968).

The Council on Foreign Relations considered 68 candidates, including Leslie Gelb, the national-security correspondent for the New York *Times*, and Stephen Rosenfeld, the Washington *Post's* deputy editorial-page editor. Both withdrew. The runner-up: James Chace, the magazine's managing editor since 1970. Said Winston Lord, president of the Council on Foreign Relations: "Hyland has outstanding experience, intellect and objectivity." ■

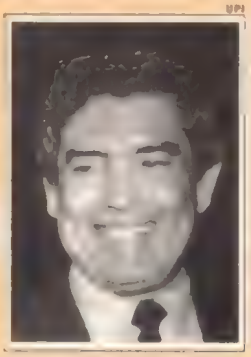
Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

On Top and on Trial

Dan Rather earns his $1.6 million-a-year pay by keeping CBS in first place in network news. Perhaps that is why NBC, ABC and Cable News Network gave such prominence to Rather's uncomfortable three days on the stand in Los Angeles, where he and CBS were being sued by a physician linked to an insurance-fraud scheme by *60 Minutes*. That slander trial ended last week in a judgment for CBS, but the experience was embarrassing nonetheless.

Presumably network rivals would not admit to *Schadenfreude*, the enjoyment of another's misfortune. There were, after all, worrisome legal issues involved. Over the objections of CBS, the jury was permitted to view outtakes—unused film—from a program on which Rather was the reporter. On the air, interviewers on *60 Minutes* fearlessly ask the right questions, have the goods on somebody and end up triumphant. On the outtakes of the December 1979 segment titled "It's No Accident," Rather is shown chasing some hapless fellow through a parking lot, and as he catches him he cries victoriously, "Adios—see you on television!" Alas, he had the wrong fellow. The rest of us ordinary mortals should have it as good as these celebrity-inflated reporters, their failures left on the cutting-room floor.

Rather has always been an aggressive, sometimes abrasive reporter. As an anchorman, where fast delivery is joined to excellent enunciation, he works just as hard. Though producers try to ease his intensity, his smile after a light feature in the news looks as if he had just read a cue card saying SMILE.



Rather: adios to a lawsuit

He has it made. In big red type on its cover, *U.S. News & World Report* last month reported on WHO RUNS AMERICA. The first ten, as judged by "leaders in 29 fields," are Washington governmental figures, from Ronald Reagan down. In twelfth place came Rather, who doesn't make news (or laws) but just reports it. Even when the hype on the magazine's cover is reduced to the actual question posed inside—Which individuals exert "the most influence in national life?"—Rather's high place (much as Walter Cronkite's had before him) seems faintly ridiculous. He ranks ahead of the president of any major corporation, of any banker but David Rockefeller. Such ratings, as Catholic University Professor Norman Ornstein sensibly observes in the same issue, "underscore the power of personality, notoriety and the *perception* of power, as much as its reality."

Rather and the CBS *Evening News* are frequent targets of right-wingers accusing them of bias. That is what gave significance to a report in the February-March issue of *Public Opinion*, whose editorial board includes such impeccable custodians of neoconservative orthodoxy as Irving Kristol and U.N. Ambassador Jeane J. Kirkpatrick. Last year in the same magazine, two social scientists concluded that the so-called media elite is decidedly more liberal than its national audience. But Michael Jay Robinson, who directs the Media Analysis Project at George Washington University, took a different tack. To Professor Robinson, "press behavior—not opinion—is the key. Bias that counts must be in the copy." His researchers studied the 1980 presidential campaign, concentrating on coverage by CBS and United Press International. "We went through CBS and U.P.I. copy line by line, checking for any telltale signs of partisanship. The results do not support theories of liberal bias. CBS and U.P.I. passed with honors." Rather was not yet the anchorman, but looking back at his campaign coverage, Robinson finds Rather was more analytical than Cronkite but "not necessarily more liberal." Robinson is far from a delirious fan of the press, which he considers "sensational at times, petty on occasion, superficial almost always," but does believe that most voting issues are reported fairly. In a campaign, professionals play the news straight, and "partisan bias counts for next to nothing."

This has some bearing on the question of whether Dan Rather really runs America: How much influence does a broadcaster have whose personal opinions are not readily detectable when put under close scrutiny? When *U.S. News* first started asking its who-runs-America question nine years ago, it found television to be the single most influential institution in America. Television now ranks fourth in influence—after the White House, "large business" and the U.S. Senate. This may or may not be progress, but it is a decided improvement in perception.

Looking for the Real Thing

London offers a flock of new plays and charming revivals

If Margaret Thatcher did not exist, the British avant-garde might well have invented her. The Conservative landslide that extended her lease on 10 Downing Street has also renewed her reign as the favorite gargoyle of the London theater's left wing. In the suburban pubs and fringe theaters that form London's equivalent of off-Broadway, playwrights have been declaiming for months against Thatcherism and for the nuclear freeze. Two provocative British plays that recently made it to Manhattan, Caryl Churchill's *Top Girls* and Steven Berkoff's *Greek*, include oblique denunciations of the Tory leader. A new West End musical, the earnest, tuneful *Blood Brothers* (book, music and lyrics by Willy Russell), charts the plight of twin boys separated at birth, one raised in the fetid poverty of the post-welfare state, the other by a scheming rich woman whom theatergoers will have no trouble recognizing as a caricature of the Iron Lady. However these dramatists voted last Thursday, they must be grudgingly grateful that their pet beastie will be around for a few more years. She is the noose they can pull around their tight little island.

Meanwhile, in the political and geographic center of London theater, the Old Guard holds forth with style and swagger. Early this month the bedroom farce *No Sex, Please—We're British* notched its 5,000th performance; Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap* is cadging tourists in its 31st year; Andrew Lloyd Webber still has three musicals running (*Evita, Cats* and *Song and Dance*), with a new show promised for the fall. Peter Ustinov has donned a peruke and a music-hall German accent to star in his own caustic comedy, *Beethoven's Tenth*. London's two major repertory companies are concentrating their energies on the Bard and other English classic playwrights. The Royal Shakespeare Company has mounted a characteristically bustling production of Middleton and Dekker's *The Roaring Girl*, a feminist comedy from 1610, starring Helen Mirren and Jonathan Hyde. The National Theater, the slicker and more conventional of the rep houses, is presenting Sheridan's *The Rivals*, with sumptuous scenery by John Gunter, all of it devoured by a cast that includes Michael Hordern and Tim Curry. Also at the National: Eduardo de Filippo's *Inner Voices*, starring that foxy grandpa of British acting nobility, Sir Ralph Richardson.

Younger stars are doing their bit too. Stephanie Lawrence, who played Eva Perón in London, is a powerful singer if not a sexual dynamo in *Marilyn*, a ludicrous, lugubrious bio-opera about Marilyn Monroe. (Doomed movie stars are now the musical rage: a different Monroe show is coming to Broadway next season, and the National Theater is mounting a musical by Marvin Hamlisch based on the life and death of Jean Seberg.) Ben Kingsley, the R.S.C. stalwart who won an Oscar playing Gandhi, has brought his one-man show on 19th century Actor Edmund Kean to the West End. Griff Rhys Jones, who mugged his way to TV celebrity on the BBC's *Not the Nine O'Clock News*, is conducting a valiant but vain effort to revive the corpse of *Charley's Aunt*. Most of the cast treats this 1892 farce as reverently as if they were playing Westminster Abbey; Rhys Jones, dressed for most of the play in widow's weeds, at least manages a passable impression of Margaret Rutherford imitating Queen Victoria.

The most engaging star turn is that of Denis Lawson, who appeared briefly in each of the *Star Wars* movies and won friends as the cagey innkeeper in *Local Hero*. He leads a sprightly revival of the 1929 English musical *Mr. Cinders*, a pleasant romantic twist on the Cinderella story, with irresistibly hummable songs and some wince-worthy gags (*She:* Assault and battery! Is that serious? *He:* I don't know about assault, but for battery they charge you and put you in a dry cell). The attractive, high-spirited cast avoids the twin pitfalls of archaeologist awe and camp condescension. And Lawson is a deadpan delight, a sad-clown naif in the spirit of Buster Keaton and Harry Langdon. Whether scurrying for his snooty brothers' clothes while muttering an ironic "With pleasure!" or double-talking his way into the princess's ball as an Amazonian adventurer, Lawson radiates working-class star quality. He is the best reason to see the snazziest revival in town.

DONALD COOPER

Best of the Old: Denis Lawson stars in *Mr. Cinders*

For battery they charge you and put you in a dry cell.

One London play seems, at first glance, to be as innocent and venerable as *Mr. Cinders*—or at least as Angela Brazil's novels of the 1930s, in which plucky girls in their blue gym slips got into oodles of "scrummy" jams while defending the honor bright of Grangewood, "the jolliest school in England." As it happens, Denise Deegan's *Daisy Pulls It Off* is neither a revival nor a musical (though it boasts a catchy school song by one "Beryl Waddle-Browne," an anagram for the show's producer, Andrew Lloyd Webber). It is a sparkling, spanking-new parody of the Brazil novels that manages to be at once knowing and wide-eyed. The entire cast is darling—one wants to adopt the lot of them—led by Alexandra Mathie as Daisy, the poor but brilliant girl who ingratiates herself with classmates and audience alike.

At its liveliest, the British theater celebrates the now, not the then. It is a glorious cacophony of playwrights' voices, of eloquent agnostics fulminating like defrocked prelates, debating the fate of modern man with irony and rant. This line of dramatists began not with John Osborne but with Bernard Shaw, and at the end of a ranter's play the theatergoer should echo the fond last words of Shaw's *Man and Superman:* "Go on talking." Three London plays that go on talking, and are worth talking about:

The Real Thing *by Tom Stoppard.* "I don't know how to write love," mourns Henry (Roger Rees), the playwright hero of Stoppard's new play. "Loving and being loved is so unliterary. It's happiness expressed in banality and lust." If Stoppard's other work (*Jumpers, Travesties*) can be seen as a series of dazzling games—word games, mind games, games the mind plays on itself, games of war and politics, the exasperatingly intricate game of life—*The Real Thing* announces itself as just that: a real, straightforward play

about matters of the heart, one that bathes in the mess of human emotions instead of applying the dramatist's laws of geometry and physics. "I'm sorry," says Henry in one of the play's most telling domestic exchanges. "What for?" asks his actress wife Annie (Felicity Kendal). "I don't know," he replies. Stoppard knows how to write love.

Is love another game? Of course. Can familiarity breed creative evasion? Indeed. And so Stoppard leads the spectator on a merry round of hide-and-seek. Any one scene may turn out to be from one of Henry's plays, or be staged in his mind; it may even be the real thing. And Stoppard is, as always, ready to forget about his juggling act long enough to give an entertaining lecture on politics, language, sex or music. (Henry much prefers the Supremes and Herman's Hermits to "this female vocalist person . . . called Callas in a sort of foreign musical with no dancing.") Henry could be an intellectual popinjay or, worse, a nag. But through the frail magnificence of Roger Rees, last seen heading the R.S.C.'s *Nicholas Nickleby*, Henry becomes compassionate, troubled, ardent—the best of the rest of us, and the real thing.

Rhys Jones ponders his gender in *Charley's Aunt*

A Map of the World *by David Hare.* More games, of the highest, most perplexing order. In 1976, at a UNESCO congress in Bombay, wealthy nations trade with poor ones our money for your dignity. Soon another contest is under way. Victor Mehta (Roshan Seth), an Indian novelist similar to V.S. Naipaul, debates Stephen Andrews (Bill Nighy), a young left-wing journalist, on the subject of an author's responsibility to the Third World objects of his satire. The prize: a pretty American actress, Peggy Whitton (Diana Quick). Believe who will. Why would a novelist of declared hostility to the "barbarians" be invited to speak at a meeting devoted to them? Why would an intelligent woman agree to be a sexual trophy? Why (as we discover) would a movie studio make a film from the novel Mehta wrote about the Bombay incident?

Hare declines to solve these riddles. Like Stoppard, he is interested in shifting points of view: the characters as they were in 1976, as they were refracted in Mehta's novel, as they will be distorted in the movie. He is even more interested in the need of both the Old World and the New to convert the other infidel and to sleep with the rich, silly American (who, the play suggests, will go to bed with any winner). As in *Plenty*, Hare is weakest when trying to show how his people get from one point in their lives to a radically different one and strongest when he hectors, beguiles, exhausts, persuades through his characters. Roshan Seth, who played Nehru in *Gandhi*, turns Mehta—at first a stone figure on the horseback of ego—into a complex and winning man of his own world.

West *by Steven Berkoff.* A Berkoff play (*Greek, Metamorphosis, Hamlet*) is simultaneously avant-garde and déjà vu. Actors in whiteface mime extravagant gestures, confronting the audience with stylized, scatological invective. It is like being back in the rumble seat of '60s performance art, but with a raw poetic urgency. Other English playwrights may update Shaw; Berkoff wants to be an East End blend of Sam Shepard and Jean Genet. *West*, the first of his plays to infiltrate the West End, can be seen as a new *West Side Story*. Mike (Rory Edwards), leader of a quintet of Hackney toughs, challenges a rival gang boss to one-on-one combat and just barely lives to tell the tale. Berkoff's twist: Mike and every other character speak in iambic pentameter. Will the rival boss kick Mike in the crown? "Balls! Were he Al Capone I'd pluck 'im down."

This is the Theater of Too Much—a hothouse of voluptuous imagery where the adventurous playgoer can find weird refuge. As director, Berkoff has molded his performers (including Edwards and the frighteningly dynamic Bruce Payne) until they are as mean and disciplined as an inner-city basketball team ready for the playground playoffs. Berkoff's work is not for everyone; but for audacious originality, he is the top boy in contemporary British theater. —*By Richard Corliss*

Best of the New: Mathie, below at center left, in *Daisy Pulls It Off;* Edwards, above, in *West;* Rees and Kendal in *The Real Thing*

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Bad Dreams

TWILIGHT ZONE: THE MOVIE
Directed by John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante and George Miller; Screenplays by John Landis, George Clayton Johnson, Richard Matheson and Josh Rogan

Four boys sat rapt before their television sets 20 years ago, following Rod Serling's voice into "another dimension. A dimension not only of sight and sound but of mind." They grew up, or at least aged, to become successful film makers: John Landis with *National Lampoon's Animal House*, Joe Dante with *The Howling*, George Miller with *The Road Warrior* and Steven Spielberg with half of the megahit movies of the past eight years. But they never forgot *The Twilight Zone*. In Steven Spielberg's *E.T.*, one teen-ager hypes the spookiness by singing Marius Constant's *ding*-ding-*ding*-ding theme from the TV show; and Spielberg's *Poltergeist* is an updating of a *Twilight Zone* episode. Now this quartet has concocted a four-part feature that takes Serling's moral tales into a new dimension: the second, where images and characters are as crisp, bright and flat as those in a Chuck Jones cartoon.

Twilight Zone: The Movie burst into the third dimension of real life and death last July, when Actor Vic Morrow and two children were killed when a helicopter crashed during the filming of their segment. Morrow plays a bigoted businessman who learns the True Meaning of Racial Injustice when transported to Nazi-occupied France, a Klan lynching and a G.I. patrol in Viet Nam. Landis, who also contributes the engaging prologue to *Twilight Zone*, would have been well advised to junk his screechy screed. Even with the helicopter sequence mercifully cut, the story hardly looks worth shooting, let alone dying for.

Bad boy: Jeremy Licht with Kathleen Quinlan

Cartoon nightmares in two dimensions.

Little boy lost: John Lithgow gets airsick

Spielberg's segment (based on a 1962 TV episode called *Kick the Can*) means to demonstrate his familiar compact with the movie audience: "If you believe, I can make you all feel like children." So speaks the endearing Scatman Crothers, presenting the gift of renewed youth to a home full of old folks. Once again Spielberg is cranking up the magic machine that has served him so well. This time the spell does not hold; one can hear only the machinery, purring like a contented windup kitten.

Dante's episode (from *It's a Good Life*, aired in 1961) turns the Spielberg ethic on its head and finally gets the movie moving with spooky style. Jeremy Licht plays a boy with monstrous powers, who corrals an ersatz family and bends them to his infantile wishes. In this cartoon nightmare, giant skinned rabbits pop out of hats, and people who talk back have their mouths erased. Like the best *Twilight Zone* originals, Dante's horror-comic homily provides an oblique moral: youth must *not* be served, at least not peanut-butter burgers on a paper plate.

Save the best for last: Miller's fast, funny, flat-out creepy *Nightmare at 20,000 Feet* (from a 1963 show). An airliner has the shakes in rough weather, and one passenger is going bananas: he thinks he sees a man-size gremlin on the wing ripping the plane's engines apart. With his sad-sack-of-potatoes face, John Lithgow brings a daft pathos to the passenger's hysteria, and Miller orchestrates it like Daffy Duck conducting *Götterdämmerung*. "Wanna see something *really* scary?" asks Guest Star Dan Aykroyd at film's end. The Miller and Dante episodes are. So is the epic waste that informs much of this movie. —*By Richard Corliss*

Good Joke

PSYCHO II
Directed by Richard Franklin
Screenplay by Tom Holland

"You smell good," Norman Bates murmurs softly to Mary, the pretty young woman with whom he is chastely sharing the old family mansion—the one just above and beyond the old family motel of blessedly spooky memory. What is the secret of her success in eliciting a near-normal sexual response out of Norman? A new Parisian scent? A wristlet of wild flowers? A walk in the spring rain? Not quite. It is the redolence of toasted cheese sandwiches, just like the ones his mother used to make.

Until that point, veterans of Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* (1960) may entertain some hope for Norman, a wan faith in the restorative powers of a 22-year course of state-sponsored psychotherapy from which he has just graduated. Thereafter one knows it is only a matter of time before he reverts to the sharp practices of his youth.

That is especially true because Lila, the once sweet sister of Marion Crane (Janet Leigh in the original), has been nursing a need for vengeance all this time. Played again by Vera Miles, Lila has become positively shrewish on the subject of society's permissiveness regarding the criminally insane. She scuttles busily about making things go bump in the night, hoping to loosen Norman's new and tentative grip on his sanity and send him back to the asylum.

Mama's boy

Her plottings are too tortuous to be entirely persuasive. To accommodate them, and set up its own twist ending, the movie often slows to a crawl as it tries to explain itself. On the other hand, that ending is genuinely surprising and, like much of the rest of *Psycho II*, it has a certain sly wit about it. Indeed, there is a rather good-natured air about this not overly scary picture, which pays homage to Hitchcock's most famous (but not best) work without trying either to rip it off or knock it off. Director Franklin even plays on the audience's worst expectations about sequels and gets his best laughs by not quite fulfilling them. As Norman, Anthony Perkins is knowing, in on the joke, but decently wary about going too far. Meg Tilly, as his young friend, plays the reality principle with winning spunk. Given just a bit more style and drive, *Psycho II* might have entirely overcome its doubtless cynical origins. But even as it stands, it is a modest, surprisingly agreeable entertainment. —*By Richard Schickel*

NATIONAL NEWS

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Grownup nightmares: Malmsjo and Froling

House Guests

FANNY AND ALEXANDER
Directed and Written by
Ingmar Bergman

A grand old house dominates this film. Impossibly ornate, stocked with paintings and furniture and bric-a-brac and candles, candles everywhere, it invites the children who live in it to become adventurers into its secrets. The mansion broods over a quiet Swedish town, in the winter of 1907, and it is the place where ten-year-old Alexander (Bertil Guve) and his younger sister Fanny (Pernilla Allwin) and their parents and grandmother, the Ekdahls, reside. But with a leap of film fancy it becomes the house that Bergman built: an edifice constructed of 40 films in nearly 40 years, and filled with ghosts and demons, strong women and tortured men, knights playing chess with Death, and human souls wrestling themselves to a fine stalemate. In this house the film maker, a great artist with the imagination of a lonely child, keeps spinning spooky fairy tales of the 20th century spirit.

Child dreams: Guve and Allwin

In *Fanny and Alexander*, Bergman means to offer a summing up of all his films, characters and moods. The first part of this 3-hr. 17-min. entertainment (reduced from a five-hour series made for Swedish television) is a family idyl. Oscar Ekdahl (Allan Edwall) is impresario of the local theater, and life at home is a succession of agreeable rituals: caroling, speechifying, sumptuous meals, flirtatious sex. The house is the perfect home for Alexander, whose favorite toy is a "magic lantern," a primitive movie camera. He can prowl through the unoccupied rooms poking into old mysteries, scouting locations. A pillow fight with his sister can send feathers swirling through the night light—his first special effect.

Alexander's mother Emilie (Ewa Froling) is fair and frail, a concordance of traditional wifely virtues. Love and duty are as one to her, so when Oscar dies, she allows herself to receive the attentions of the town's righteous young bishop, Edvard Vergérus (Jan Malmsjo). Beyond her sense of responsibility is a feeling her children can neither understand nor sanction: Vergérus kindles an erotic flame she never knew with dear, fudgy Oscar. When Emilie, Fanny and Alexander move into the Vergérus household they find that it allows no other light. Black cats skulk underfoot; the faces on wall icons frown with disapproval at any liberal impulse; the chief servant, Justina (a delicious turn by Harriet Andersson), has the butch haircut and sadistic caprices of a prison-camp guard. In this house of silent horror the children can take refuge only in dreams of escape—to the arms of an old family friend, the Jew Isak Jacobi (Erland Josephson), whose house has some old, dark secrets that, in the mind of a child, can seem as exciting as black magic.

Three houses, resting on three fundamental beliefs: in art, in religion, in magic. No other film maker has put these beliefs to such rigorous artistic tests as Bergman. Here, though, he has a merry time juggling his three weighty balls, maneuvering his characters and his audience from one house to another, from reverie to terror to awe. This is a movie where, as Isak says, "anything can happen." A nude statue can beckon to a wide-eyed boy; Fanny and Alexander can disappear from inside a steamer trunk; the ghost of Oscar Ekdahl can return home for a chat with his old, living mother. Such is the unique chicanery of movies, and Ingmar Bergman knew it long before George Lucas did.

At least in its shortened theatrical version, *Fanny and Alexander* never quite achieves the bedtime-story spell it strains for. The good feeling of the first scenes should be as warm and steady as the lights on a Christmas candelabrum; instead it seems more an act of the director's will. Only when the action switches to the Vergérus house, where the folks are really mean, does the film come to life. Not to worry: that leaves two hours of good movie from an old master. At film's end, one Ekdahl pays tribute to the power of the imagination: "a splendid force held in trust for us by all artists." Moviegoers can be grateful that the force is still with Ingmar Bergman. —*R.C.*

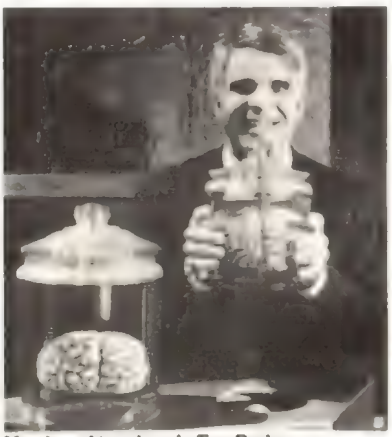
Head Trip

THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS
Directed by Carl Reiner
Screenplay by Carl Reiner,
Steve Martin and George Gipe

How sweet it is to find a movie in which the hero, having lusted after purely carnal pleasures for much of its length, finally falls in love with a woman's mind. That there is no body attached to it, that it is, in fact, a brain kept alive in a bottle by a half-mad scientist, might strike some people as a little funny. It will strike vaster numbers of them as very funny—especially after Steve Martin pastes plastic lips on the bottle so he can kiss his beloved.

Dr. Michael Hfuhruhurr (for a sample of this movie's longest-running gag, try pronouncing that name aloud) has been under a strain. A desperately randy brain surgeon ("I had the top of her head off, but that's as far as it went"), he marries one of his patients, only to discover that Dolores (well played by Kathleen Turner) is not as nice as she looks. After six weeks, she still refuses to consummate their union, although when someone has just undergone Hfuhruhurr's specialty, the cranial screw-top procedure, one tends to believe her when she claims to have a headache. Still, that's the least of her meanness, and one is sympathetic, even relieved, when Martin makes a citizen's divorce (it consists of making an announcement and taking a hike) in order to sin in his mind, as it were.

This is the most assured and hilarious of the three Martin–Carl Reiner collaborations. There is something classically American about its monomaniacal pursuit of a gag every five seconds, characterization and redeeming social value be damned. The movie is rather like a Henny Youngman monologue combined with a *National Lampoon* spread. And it offers reassuring proof that the spirit of arrested adolescence lives on, at least for one more summer. —*R.S.*



Martin and true love in *Two Brains*

Screw-top comedy at a classic pace.

Testimony of the Shipwrecked

EXILED IN PARADISE *by Anthony Heilbut; Viking; 506 pages; $20*
STRANGERS IN PARADISE *by John Russell Taylor; Holt, Rinehart & Winston 256 pages; $16.95*

Of all the waves of immigrants that have landed on American shores since the Pilgrims, the German refugees who fled from Hitler in the 1930s may qualify as the best and the brightest. An entire civilization could be reconstructed from the writers, artists, musicians, philosophers and scientists in their desperate ranks.

Thomas Mann and Bertolt Brecht were among the most gifted writers of their time. Artist Max Ernst made surrealism accessible to a generation. The architects-in-exile of the Bauhaus, led by Walter Gropius and Mies van der Rohe, changed the face of the American city. Middle European Physicists Albert Einstein, Hans Bethe and Edward Teller became the ambivalent stepfathers of the atomic era.

Whatever their talents and tenets, these refugees shared the experience of the shipwrecked. Anthony Heilbut, whose parents were Berlin émigrés, has exercised impressive, if indulgent scholarship, and even a touch of poetry, to get to the heart of this diaspora.

With only the baggage of their memories and their accents, the refugees came prepared to be instant Americans. "I believe," Thomas Mann told his new hosts, "that for the duration of the present European dark age, the center of Western culture will shift to America. It is my own intention to make my home in your country, and I am convinced that if Europe continues for a while to pursue the same course as in the last two decades, many good Europeans will meet again on American soil." Like Brecht, who went from Germany to Czechoslovakia to Austria to Switzerland to France to Denmark before coming to the U.S., most of these good Europeans carried the fate of the wanderer in their blood. They took off their airs as they put on their work clothes, willing to do anything to survive. Composer Paul Dessau was a hired hand on a chicken farm; Writer Walter Mehring became a warehouse foreman; Philosopher Heinrich Blücher shoveled chemicals in a factory. In the sassy spirit of Berlin cabarets of the 1920s, they devised impromptu dictionaries of slang, with emphasis on "dough" and "bread." Twelve-tone Composer Arnold Schoenberg dispensed to fellow exiles his one-note advice for social success: When in doubt, smile.

At Manhattan's New School for Social Research, at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, at California universities, the refugees not only adapted but also became the "advance men" of new ideas, as Heilbut puts it. Paul Tillich combined theology with aesthetics; Hannah Arendt made philosophy and history partners in *The Origins of Totalitarianism;* Einstein continued to measure the boundaries of space as he weighed the causes and cures of war.

"Refugees," Brecht observed, "are refugees as a result of changes, and their sole object of study is change." For a while these restless minds seemed to be doing Americans' homework for them, analyzing everything from jazz to soap opera to advertising techniques.

But the enchantment was one-sided. According to Heilbut's debatable thesis, after Pearl Harbor the German Americans were thought of as just one more

Excerpt

"Painter Richard Lindner said of himself, 'I am a tourist everywhere, which means an "observer." ' Once the émigré reconciled himself or herself to this position as observer, life became too interesting to lament that if one was a tourist everywhere, one was at home nowhere. Erich Kahler did not learn English until he was close to 50, yet he wrote many works in that language. In 1954 Kahler received a note from his fellow Princetonian the matchlessly resilient Einstein about the persecution of J. Robert Oppenheimer. Einstein understood the American's predicament, but as an outsider. 'Such a person rooted in the social community is incomparably more vulnerable,' he told Kahler, 'than a gypsy like you or me for whom the saying "Go to hell" is not a mere figure of speech, but a natural attitude.'"

Bertolt Brecht testifies to HUAC

Otto Preminger as Nazi in *Stalag 17*

Thomas Mann addresses America

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group of aliens. After World War II, the McCarthy period seemed to strike an ominous and familiar chord. Mann, who had found in California his Eden, came to dismiss it as "an artificial paradise," America as a "soulless soil." Einstein complained that Americans, shortchanging their idealism, were not American enough. Psychologist Erik Erikson once wrote that only in the U.S. could Freud's prescription for human dignity, *Lieben und Arbeiten* (love and work), be realized. But he became "increasingly critical of the American Establishment." Arendt spoke for a whole generation when, shortly before her death in 1975, she confessed, "I somehow don't fit."

This sense of alienation is easy to understand. The subjects of Heilbut's study were, after all, no ordinary group. Most were intellectuals who would have been restless in any culture. It is doubtful, for example, if Brecht ("Wherever I go, they ask me, Spell your name") would have been happy anywhere on earth. Others, like Mann, never really understood the nation they first overpraised, then cursed for being imperfect. Some, like Writer Gerhardt Eisler, were Communists, hypocritical in their horror at the House Un-American Activities Committee. Heilbut's defense of these émigrés seems disingenuous: "If Einstein or Thomas and Klaus Mann were back and could observe the Ku Klux Klan in Connecticut or the Moral Majority in New Jersey . . . one doubts if they would feel inclined to apologize for their earlier misgivings."

Some of the refugees found the U.S. a far from terrifying place even in the '50s. Most of them were quartered in a New Weimar set among palm trees. In *Strangers in Paradise*, John Russell Taylor, film critic of the *Times* of London, tells ironic tales out of court about the Hollywood settlers. Actors like Conrad Veidt and Otto Preminger, fleeing from Hitler, were hired to impersonate Nazis in war movies. Ernst Lubitsch, eager to propagandize against the Third Reich, directed a delicate, tentative farce, *To Be or Not to Be*, starring Jack Benny as a Polish ham actor. In the film a German general appraises Benny: "What he did to Shakespeare, we are now doing to Poland." For his efforts, Lubitsch was pilloried by critics for finding "fun in the bombing of Warsaw." Sometimes the very difficulties with a new language benefited Hollywood by cutting dialogue to an effective minimum. "For me," said Director Fritz Lang, "psychology is not in the talking, it is in the action, in the movement, the gestures . . . It is the behaviorisms that create the character."

Taylor's book is a parade of names, from Walter Gropius to Franz Werfel, two men who not only shared the same fate but the same wife, Alma. The anecdotes are diverting, and the history is brisk and precise. But Taylor's work lacks the tragic dimension of Heilbut's book. The difference is evident in the titles. It is one thing to be a stranger and quite another to be an exile, forced from a country, a tradition and a language, to become, in Einstein's phrase, "a bird of passage for life."

The final anguish of these exiles, caught between the promises of the New World and the curses of the Old, was in belonging to neither. Nonetheless, the refugees, living out of their spiritual suitcases, made significant contributions to their adopted country. If American innocence has been tempered into something less isolated and naive, these tough teachers can be thanked in part. But they paid an awful price in their torn lives. Popular among the émigrés was a story of two refugees crossing the Atlantic, one headed for America, one headed back to Europe. As their two ships pass, the old friends shout simultaneously, "Are you crazy?" With their cursed gift for awareness, the refugees understood better than anyone on either continent the black joke that history had played upon them. —*By Melvin Maddocks*

Percy: from Descartes to "Dear Abby"

Aliens

LOST IN THE COSMOS
By Walker Percy
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
262 pages; $14.95

Walker Percy subtitles this witty, philosophical miscellany *The Last Self-Help Book*. The designation is ironic because Percy doubts that "self" can help itself or, with apologies to Socrates, even know itself. The pith of his bad news goes something like this: scientific observation explains the world wonderfully but cannot explain the nature of the self without dispiriting results. The reason is that science reduces the mysterious entity to chemical interactions and sets of behavior. This does little for the craving that myth and religion once satisfied. The result is that with the shortening of these old perspectives, the self has become a restless ghost trapped in its own mechanical creation.

Percy is aware that this forbidding subject requires a light touch. In fact, most readers know the author as the genteel Louisianian who wrote such mournfully charming novels as *The Moviegoer*, *The Last Gentleman* and *Love in the Ruins*. But there is also Percy the Dixie Kierkegaard who wrote *The Message in the Bottle*. That 1975 collection of essays attempted to relieve the ache of self-estrangement by arguing that humankind was the glory of the universe because it was the only known species that used language (as distinguished from the intelligent communication of chimps and dolphins).

Lost in the Cosmos turns this brain-twisting topic into a sort of game show. Percy's questions span what he calls the deranged world from Descartes to "Dear Abby." The reader is provided multiple-choice answers. None are wrong, but some are more correct than others. Sample question: "If you are a shy person, is it better to accept your shyness, or to seek help from a psychotherapist?" Sample answers: "It is better to seek help from a psychotherapist because it is better not to suffer than to suffer . . . It is better to read a book about how to get over being shy, because one might learn a helpful thing or two . . . It is better to seek help from a psychotherapist if the psychotherapist knows what not many psychotherapists know, namely, that the shy person may know something the nonshy person does not know, that your self is indeed unformulable to yourself, that you are entitled to your shyness, that, indeed, varying degrees of idiocy are required not to be shy."

This format gives Percy broad license for commentary, the most trenchant presented in a theological framework. Painters and sculptors, for example, are the Roman Catholics of art, their tools and materials are sacramental objects. Writers are the Protestants, working alone in a bare room with only a pencil, "like God's finger touching Adam."

Percy's specialty is the gentle chiding of a generation that came of age blowing its mind and ended up blow-drying its hair. Trivializing disturbs him: "The rational Jeffersonian pursuit of happiness embarked upon in the American Revolution translates into the flaky euphoria of the late 20th century"; Hugh Hefner is a Don Giovanni as written by Mantovani, not Mozart; popular Astronomer Carl Sagan's *Cosmos* is "a splendid picture book" but a work of "vulgar scientism" that ignores thousands of years of Western religious thought that laid the groundwork for modern science.

Percy's *Cosmos* is more challenging than Sagan's because the remote possibility of contacting extraterrestrials palls before a mankind that is alien to itself. Running off to the stars may be far simpler than exploring the black holes of human

nature. Percy illustrates this best in a slice of imaginative speculation about four astronauts on an 18-year interstellar flight. The crew, three women and a man, practice "serial monogamy" and procreate. The 186,000-mile-per-second speed law is in effect, so nearly two decades in space amount to more than 400 years on earth. The astrofamily returns to find the home planet ruined by old nuclear wars and the survivors barely able to reproduce. But basic physical and spiritual urges persist.

Fiction and nonfiction are humorously blended in this 40-page space odyssey. As he does in the rest of the book, Percy avoids theatrical mysticism. "The modern objective consciousness," he argues, "will go to any length to prove that it is not unique in the Cosmos, and by this very effort establishes its own uniqueness. Name another entity in the Cosmos which tries to prove it is not unique." Name another voice in American writing that is as beguiling and as civilized as Walker Percy's. —*By R.Z. Sheppard*

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Ancient Evenings, *Norman Mailer* • Chronicle of a Death Foretold, *Gabriel García Márquez* • The Feud, *Thomas Berger* • The Name of the Rose, *Umberto Eco* • Pilgermann, *Russell Hoban* • Sister Age, *M.F.K. Fisher*

NONFICTION: Eleni, *Nicholas Gage* • Elie Wiesel: Messenger to All Humanity, *Robert McAfee Brown* • Kleist, *Joachim Maass* • The Last Lion: Winston Spencer Churchill, *William Manchester* • A Private View, *Irene Mayer Selznick* • Whose Little Boy Are You?, *Heywood Hale Broun*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Christine, *King (1 last week)*
2. White Gold Wielder, *Donaldson (2)*
3. The Little Drummer Girl, *Le Carré (3)*
4. The Lonesome Gods, *L'Amour (4)*
5. Ascent into Hell, *Greeley (5)*
6. Ancient Evenings, *Mailer (7)*
7. The Summer of Katya, *Trevanian (6)*
8. Battlefield Earth, *Hubbard*
9. Icebreaker, *Gardner (8)*
10. Heartburn, *Ephron (10)*

NONFICTION

1. In Search of Excellence, *Peters and Waterman (1)*
2. The One Minute Manager, *Blanchard and Johnson (2)*
3. Megatrends, *Naisbitt (3)*
4. Creating Wealth, *Allen (4)*
5. Jane Fonda's Workout Book, *Fonda (5)*
6. The Love You Make, *Brown and Gaines (6)*
7. How to Live to Be 100—Or More, *Burns (7)*
8. Working Out, *Hix (9)*
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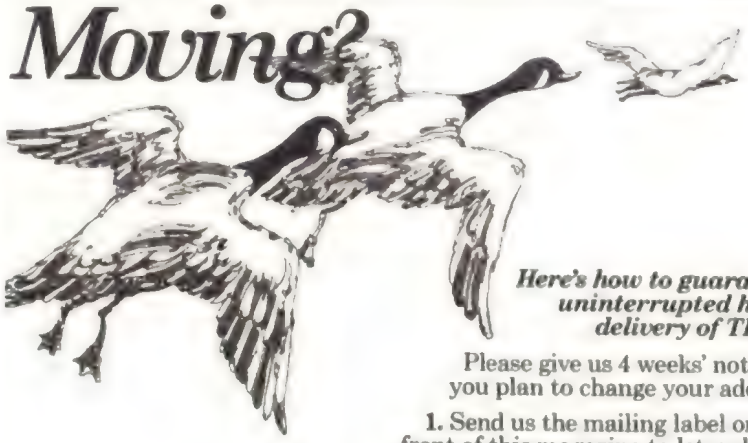

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"No One Opened Doors for Me"

Harvey Fierstein and Torch Song Trilogy *win two big Tonys*

Three bottles of champagne stand against the wall, messengers keep bringing him cards and telegrams of congratulation, and Harvey Fierstein is understandably elated. Elated? Levitated might be a better word. At the moment, Fierstein is floating 25 stories above his dressing room at Broadway's Little Theater. The previous night his friends gave him a party for his 29th birthday (the Moët is a reminder); the evening before that, he pulled off the equivalent of a grand slam at the Tony ceremonies: he won two awards, one for writing the year's best play, *Torch Song Trilogy*, and a second as best actor, for his starring role in the play. Says he, exultantly: "I feel like Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty and Alice in Wonderland all rolled into one!"

Or perhaps merely the year's hot property. Many Hollywood studios are bidding for *Torch Song Trilogy*, which is a funny, sad, always touching story about homosexuals. Producers in more than half a dozen foreign countries have purchased the rights. Fierstein left the show last week to finish work in Boston on a musical version of *La Cage aux Folles*, for which he has written the book and which is scheduled to open on Broadway in August. Suddenly he is in demand. One producer even wants him to be the voice of the MX missile in a film comedy, which is not all that bad an idea. If the MX missile could talk, it might well sound like Fierstein—hoarse, raspy and very direct.

That directness has made *Torch Song* a commercial success when the anticipated failure of other plays with gay themes has sent Broadway producers fleeing. Homosexuals have long been a vital part of the theater, of course—Cole Porter, Noël Coward and Tennessee Williams come immediately to mind—and it can be argued that much of Broadway is infused with a gay sensibility. But never before has an out-of-the-closet play like *Torch Song* done so well with straight, middle-class audiences. For 3 hours and 40 minutes they enter into the life of Arnold Beckoff, who makes his living performing as a drag queen in a New York City nightclub. He falls in love with a schoolteacher, loses him to a woman, then falls in love again, only to have that lover killed by a gang of gay baiters. What Arnold really wants is to have a family, like everyone else, and he winds up adopting a gay 15-year-old. "What's nice about Arnold is that he's struggling to be truthful," says Fierstein. "Not many people do. At the beginning we meet him in full drag, and at the end he's naked, so to speak. I've written a play in which homosexuals don't commit suicide at the end or repent their evil ways. The basic theme is self-respect, the realization that homosexuals can be just as moral as heterosexuals."

PERRY GOODSTEIN

In costume as a drag queen at Broadway's Little Theater

Some of the play is unabashedly autobiographical. Like Arnold, Fierstein grew up in a lower-middle-class area of Brooklyn. "No one says he had a normal, happy childhood, and I guess mine was as peculiar as anyone else's. I was a fat kid and grew up like an average fat kid. It's never easy, but it isn't the hardest thing in the world, either." He told his parents he was gay when he was 13, and the discovery was not particularly traumatic. "There was no crying or screaming in my presence," he recalls. "I was what I was, and it wasn't a family decision." Later Fierstein attended Brooklyn's Pratt Institute, where he studied painting; like Arnold, he worked as a female impersonator.

Accepting his award

After his graduation in 1973, he turned to playwriting. The first part of *Torch Song* was performed off-off-Broadway in 1978, with the second and third parts following in 1979. But when Fierstein wanted them produced as a trilogy, people he went to would not buy. "Producers said that no one would sit still that long [the play was then well over four hours] and that it was too homosexual," he says. Fierstein himself questioned what he was doing, but finally his straight brother Ronald, 32, put him right. "You've got a vision," he said. "Go for it."

The Glines production company, which is dedicated to supporting works with homosexual themes, asked to produce the trilogy, and *Torch Song* opened off-off-Broadway in October 1981. Very gradually it became a hit; it moved to Broadway last June. Now many people, straight as well as gay, come back again and again.

Still, the play probably speaks most pointedly, and poignantly, to homosexuals. "Gays grow up listening to heterosexual songs and watching heterosexual movies," says Fierstein. "It's good for them to see one of their own struggling to be himself, rather than watching *Now Voyager* and deciding whether they are Bette Davis or Paul Henreid." The success of *Torch Song*, Fierstein believes, will make it easier for other gay plays to find backers, as well as audiences. "Producers who wouldn't touch a gay show are now asking for one," he says. "When there's a market they can tap, they will go after it."

Though *Torch Song's* success has lifted his career into orbit, it has not changed Fierstein's life very much in other ways. He still has an apartment in Brooklyn, where he lives alone with two dogs, still rides the subways and is still trying to curb, without much apparent progress, an overly generous waistline. His former lover, the bisexual schoolteacher, was thrilled to see Fierstein win the Tonys; Fierstein, meanwhile, has become involved with another actor-writer.

Right now, however, he is thinking about life after *Torch Song*, packing up in his dressing room, and saying goodbye to his pet rabbit, Arnold; a friend gave him the creature on the Broadway opening night, and it has resided in his dressing room ever since. "I told my replacement, David Garrison, that Arnold goes with the part," he jokes, then adds, more seriously, "No one opened doors for me. I banged on them, and got in. The big question is whether I can keep them open—and open others along the way." —*By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York*

Milestones

MARRIED. Irene Marcos, 22, younger daughter of Philippine President Ferdinand and First Lady Imelda Marcos; and **Gregorio Araneta III,** 35, land developer and scion of one of the country's most prominent families; both for the first time; in Sarrat, the Philippines. Bitterly disappointed by the 1981 U.S. marriage of their daughter Imee, 27, to a divorced man, the Marcoses compensated this time by laying on the pomp and splendor. Under Imelda's flamboyant direction, an estimated $1.3 million, some of it government funds, was spent on items such as speeding historic restoration work on the northern Luzon city of Sarrat, birthplace of the bride's father; building four "people's halls" in the Sarrat area to accommodate the 500 invited guests plus 100,000 local residents; diverting 24 government airline planes and 50 buses for the guests' use; and providing Irene with three wedding dresses, designed by Givenchy, Valentino and Balestra.

DIED. Dennis R. Barnhart, 40, president of Eagle Computer, Inc., a thriving young microcomputer firm that, partly through his skillful management, had doubled its sales every quarter since its May 1982 incorporation; of injuries suffered when his red Ferrari swerved out of control, tore through a guard rail, and crashed into a ravine, only hours after the company's first public stock offering made the paper value of his holdings $9 million; in Los Gatos, Calif.

DIED. Ivan Tors, 66, king of the not-so-wild beasts as producer of wholesome outdoor adventure films and TV series such as *Flipper, Gentle Ben, Daktari* and *Clarence, the Cross-Eyed Lion* and longtime crusader for conservation of wildlife; of a heart attack; in Mato Grosso state, Brazil, where he was scouting locations for a new television series. A 1939 immigrant from Hungary, Tors eventually broke into TV and movies by producing science fiction films and 156 episodes of *Sea Hunt* (1957-61). During the '60s, with profits from his productions, he co-founded and ran Africa, U.S.A., a 250-acre animal training center where he practiced what he called "affection training" for his beloved stars.

DIED. James E. Casey, 95, a founder and former chief executive officer of United Parcel Service, which he and a friend started in 1907 in Seattle with $100, six messengers and two bicycles, and which he built into a nationwide network whose 117,000 employees last year delivered 1.6 billion packages to more than 35,000 communities, earning the company more than $300 million; in Seattle. Casey was a believer in giving executives at every level a say, and a stake, in running the company. As a result of his profit-sharing plan, among the first in American business, U.P.S. is today almost entirely owned by its 12,000 managers and supervisors, their families and heirs.

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Clear Eye, Flawless Touch

In New York, the unsurpassed portrait drawings of Holbein

That Hans Holbein the Younger (1497-1543) was one of the supreme portrait painters has never been in doubt. Anyone who has been to the National Gallery in London and seen his painting of *The Ambassadors*—two wary young traders amid their pellucid clutter of emblematic objects, with an anamorphic blur of a skull floating strangely across the inlaid floor—knows that at once. Together with his older contemporary, Albrecht Dürer, Holbein represents the point at which German painting shook clear of its Gothic past and its folk ties, entering and interpreting the great Renaissance streams of power and trade, becoming a primary instrument of self-recognition for a new Europe.

At a time when most people lived and died within ten miles of their birthplace, when travel was dauntingly arduous and news of other countries was the most expensive commodity in Europe, Holbein was a completely international man: he worked in Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy and, especially, England. His work, despite its powerful integrity of style, was open to all kinds of influence: portrait prototypes ranging from Leonardo to Titian, the work of the Fontainebleau mannerists, Quinten Massys, English court miniaturists, Dürer and Mathias Grünewald. It seems to range backward and forward in time, a web of discreet allusions that seldom rise to open quotation. Thus in drawing Cecily Heron, the youngest daughter of Sir Thomas More, Holbein selected the pose of another woman with the same first name, Cecilia Gallerani, the model for Leonardo's *Lady with an Ermine*. If one could not deduce from his work that Holbein's was one of the best minds of the northern Renaissance, the names of his friends would suggest it: he was on terms of familiar equality with such heroes of intellectual life as Erasmus and Sir Thomas More.

The seamless surfaces of Holbein's paintings hide the machinery, as they were meant to do. For the first impulses, the slow probings and swift appraisals of a face, one must consult the drawings: something easier said than done in America until now. Although there are paintings by Holbein in U.S. collections, the body of his graphic work is in England and on the Continent. The most important part of it belongs to the British royal family and is housed at Windsor; it comprises the many sketches Holbein made of the nobility and gentry at the court of Henry VIII during his two sojourns in London, a short spell from 1526 to 1528 and a long one of eleven years that finished with his death, of the plague, in 1543. Much of this *oeuvre* is on view until July 30 at the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York City, where it is amplified by material from the library's own collection—rare editions and manuscripts by and about Holbein's circle of patrons and friends, prints derived from his images, and so forth.

Nobody, one may morosely predict, will ever draw the human face as well as this again. The tradition is cut, the bow unstrung. But the drawings remain—abraded, retouched, sometimes (as in a study of the bony, intense face of Bishop John Fisher) vandalized by later hands, yet through it all, radiating an almost incredible freshness of scrutiny. What strikes one first about them is their self-evident truth. Nobody else got the knobbly, mild face of English patrician power so aptly, or saw so clearly the reserves of cunning and toughness veiled by the pink mask. The idea that Holbein was criticizing his subjects is, of course, absurd; and yet his rapport with them was so acute that he could render their unease at the unfamiliar sensation of being limned. Young Sir John Godsalve, one of whose offices was resonantly called the Common Meter of Precious Tissue, is watching Holbein as Holbein watches him: calm and yet withdrawn to the fine edge of nervousness. It is the look people used to direct at cameras a hundred years ago, before everyone got used to the lens.

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Study of Mary Zouch: reborn as a Sloane Ranger

The look that people used to give to the early cameras.

One knows these faces; better shaven, they populate the West End in London today. Even the women, as in Holbein's elegant full-face study of Mary Zouch, square-jawed and pale, are reborn among the Sloane Rangers outside Harrods. "Here is Derich himself; add voice and you might doubt if the painter or his father created him," runs an inscription on one of Holbein's portraits of a Hanseatic merchant in London, and for once the clichés about "speaking likeness" do indeed seem fresh. In drawing after drawing, the nervous mobility of the pencil or black chalk, linking blank spaces of paper together in casual but strict tensions between mark and void, creates a pictorial equivalent of the sitter's thought as well as the artist's. Hence the authority of Holbein's drawings of his friend Sir Thomas More, which maintain the etiquette of distance and yet hint at the complexities of emotion such a face could display.

Holbein's formal resources were inexhaustible. His touch went all the way from emphatic black strokes to the subtlest frizzing and toning of gray in a beard, and his sense of how to "tune" hard linear passages against evanescent transitions of tone never seemed to fail him. Sometimes he used technical aids: it is thought that some of the drawings were traced from the sitter's image on a transparent glass pane, an early use of the principle of the camera obscura advocated by Dürer, and a forerunner of photo-derived painting. But the liveliness of touch is something no camera can give. Every hair in the scalp lives and has its place. The curve of a mouth or the arch of an eyelid is precisely weighted against the amount of blank space it must enliven. The intensity of detail shifts with marvelous fluency.

It is not certain how far Holbein wanted these drawings to be taken as finished works of art, but the fact that he did not discard them even when they had been developed into paintings suggests that he placed more than instrumental value on them. But whatever the cause of their preservation, one can only be grateful for it. No other group of Renaissance drawings offers so vivid a picture of a class. They are documents as fraught with human interest as any court memoir by Hervey or Saint-Simon. In celebrating Holbein's eye with such curatorial precision, the Morgan Library has put on an unforgettable show. —*By Robert Hughes*

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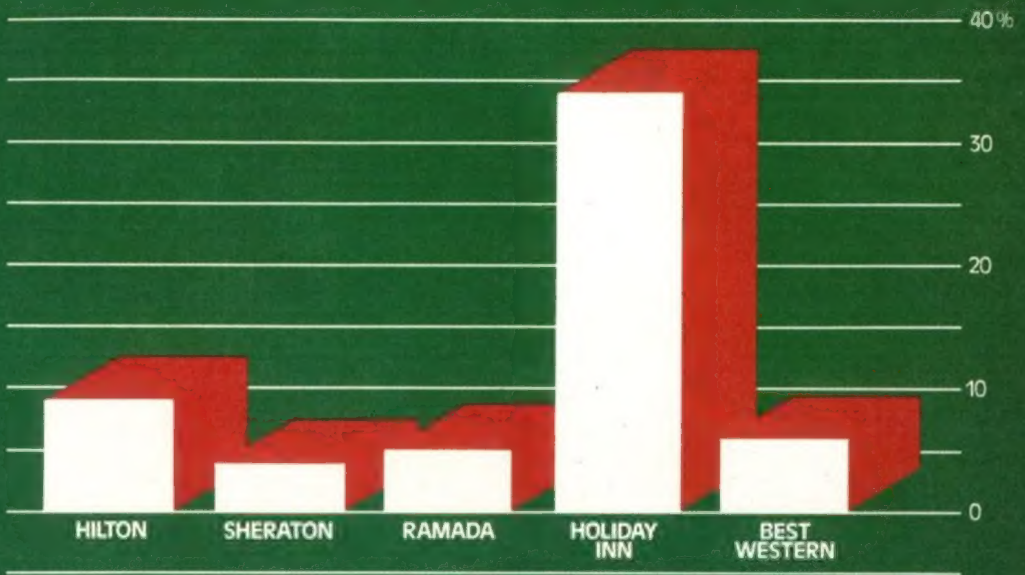

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